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THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

BY ALFRED HENNEQUIN.

SOME years ago, when the music of Wagner was still a novelty and a mystery, I remember reading with some little amusement, the efforts of a well-meaning newspaper critic to elucidate for the popular mind the inner nature of the "music of the future." It had, he said, one distinguishing characteristic — it couldn't be whistled! The critic's remark has suggested itself to me as I read some of the current prophecies in magazines and newspapers, concerning the drama of the future. If that drama is to be built upon the lines which are, in some quarters, laid down for it, I fear that it also will have one distinguishing feature — it can't be played.

I have in mind particularly the very positive assertion of a Western critic, who, in commenting upon some utterances of mine concerning the rules of dramatic construction, says, "People in the plays of the future are going to come on and get off the stage as often and as sensibly as they naturally would and should. The day of the 'heavy,' the 'ingénue' is over. There will be no 'prepared climax' arranged to top off the auditor's expectations with a delightful quiver of emotion. There will be no artificial scissoring off of dramas into acts, so many minutes to the act and so much spasmodic, rhapsodical sensation to each quarter of an hour. Things will go on very much as they do in real life."

We have all heard something like this from other sources. Mr. Howells, in his daintily cynical way, and Mr. Archer, in his brusquely snappish way, have said much the same thing.

The old machinery of dramatic technique is to be pitched into the street. Mr. Archer will show Shakespeare the door to make way for Ibsen. Mr. Howells will politely give the *congé* to the spirit of Romantic Drama to make way for—Mr. Howells!

That the drama of the future, if it is to be worth seeing, will be in some respects different from the drama of the present, there can be not the slightest question. It is in the nature of literature, of whatever kind, to change its outward vesture with the progress of human development. When change ceases, the literary forms degenerate into mere husks, and the "breath and finer spirit of knowledge" seeks expression elsewhere. Yes, the drama of the future will show a different face from the drama of to-day, but what I maintain and propose to show in this paper is that the prophet-critics, whom I have mentioned, have not succeeded in forecasting the nature of the change. In other words, the elements of the drama with which it has been proposed to dispense, are those without which we cannot have any drama at all.

What is it that constitutes a drama? There are two essentials: first, portrayal of life; secondly, action. Take out either element, and you have left a nondescript which may or may not be worth serious attention, but which certainly is not, in any rational sense, a drama. Let us consider the two, throwing emphasis upon each in turn.

The drama is a portrayal of life, but it is a portrayal by means of action. It will need, therefore, *characters* in whom this active life shall be made manifest, and a *stage* upon which these characters shall be marshalled before the eyes of the spectators. Whatever changes may take place in the nature of the drama, these two features, we may be sure, will always be retained.

Now, if we inquire into the character of the drama as it actually exists at the present time; that is, as it is known by actors and stage managers, not as it is theorized by those who have gained their experience from the orchestra chair, we shall find that all characters as they are assigned to actors, are classified under a few general heads. That is, they are no longer known as Romeos, or Joseph Surface, or Bassanios, or Ophelias, but as ingénues, leading heavies, first old man, and so on. The cast of a stock company, for example, may comprise a leading man, a first old man, a comedian, a second

old man, a light comedian, a juvenile, a leading lady, a first old woman, a soubrette, and an ingénue. This is one of the things which the modern playwright must take into consideration. As things are now constituted, it is well for him, if he hopes ever to see his play produced, not to put in characters haphazard, but to see that he has these various classes in their proper proportion. And this is where our friends, the prophets, utter their first note of warning. All these conventional characters, they tell us, are becoming, or have already become, painfully antiquated. There shall be no more ingénues, neither any engaging of leading heavies. The dramatist of the future will no longer be trammelled by these fetters of an ancient tradition, but will be free to choose and arrange his *dramatis personæ* to suit his own sweet will.

I wish the dramatist of the next generation all possible freedom, but that he will escape this particular constraint, if it be one, I cannot for an instant concede. Were these names mere theoretical terms arbitrarily devised by the ingenuity of some bookish critic, then we might expect to see them superseded by the next new fashion of the hour. They are not, however, of this character. They are names for classifications that have their correspondences in the actual world, of which the mimic world of the stage is the counterpart. Go out into the world and seek your characters, say the leaders of the new school. Very well, let us take our stand on this street corner, where the stream of humanity whirls past in bewildering multifariousness of race, age, and temperament. At first all is confusion. No two persons seem alike. In those whose characteristics seem most nearly identical, there is yet some fine shade of differences, challenging and baffling the dramatist's utmost skill to seize it. We exclaim "What infinite variety!" And yet, as we gaze, in spite of the differences, we begin to have a feeling that the pictures of the panorama are being repeated. The same general characteristics occur again and again. We begin involuntarily to try to assign each individual to some general type, and if we study the throng long enough and carefully enough, we shall soon be able to do so with all. Now if the observer have the dramatic faculty, and in addition be familiar with the conventional names of the stock characters of the drama, he will be surprised to find how readily they may be applied to the persons whom he sees passing before him.

Let him but think of the passers-by as characters in a play, and each will at once fall into his proper category. Here comes the guileless ingénue chatting gaily with the juvenile. There the pert soubrette peeps from the carriage window of the leading lady. Yonder the villain passes before the plate glass window and sullenly eyes the first old man sitting at the desk of his counting-room, writing fictitious letters, and fingering property bank-notes.

What does this mean? Simply that the dramatist as he observes life, consciously or unconsciously selects those characters which fit the conditions of dramatic representation. If he be a poor dramatist, he selects the wrong characters, and his play is a failure. The successful dramatist of to-day selects his characters skilfully, not because he is endowed with some mysterious and superhuman instinct, but because he has mastered the resources of theatrical representation — knows what will “go,” and what not. Nor is this incompatible with the exercise of the very highest genius; for what is genius ever but a native ability to see what will “go” with a certain element of the public now here, or to come. Even the genius, if he expects to make his genius effective, to thrill crowded houses, and make his name a household word, must know the stops of the instrument through which he is to discourse excellent music. It is young Scrapper who has had six violin lessons that wants a fifth string on his instrument. Wilhelmj manages to get along very comfortably with four.

The drama as a portrayal of life calls not only for characters, but for a stage. We have it on excellent authority, that all the world is a stage; and not a few heralds of the new order of dramatic things imagine, I should say, that it is upon this stage that the drama of the future is to be presented. If I understand them rightly, they propose that what are known as “theatrical conventions” shall give way to the realities of actual life. By theatrical conventions in the best sense is meant those peculiarities of dramatic representations which grow out of the conditions of the environment, the architectural arrangement of the theatre and the like, and which seem violations of the logic of ordinary life. For example, in real life people live in rooms with four sides, they move around as they please, group themselves in one place or another, stand with their faces towards this wall or that, and no one

complains. But on the stage this is not so. In that world, people live in three-sided rooms. They see to it that they are not in one another's way, that their backs are not turned in the wrong direction, that they are grouped in striking and graceful ways. Everyone remembers the story of Edmund Kean, who, upon being congratulated for the unusual earnestness with which he gripped Iago's neck, replied, "Earnestness! I should say so! Confound the fellow, he was trying to keep me out of his focus." The "focus" is broader than it used to be in the old days when Lamb watched; open-mouthed, the "fair auroras" rise before the green curtain; but it exists none the less, and is ignored by no actor who knows his business. The question of stage realism is an old one, as old at any rate as Aristotle; but it seems to me that no one has come nearer the truth than that prince of critics whose name I have just mentioned—Charles Lamb. In his essay on "Stage Illusions" he says: "The actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober, set face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel, his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatic existence of the other character (which to render it comic demands an antagonistic comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence, indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted upon any unworthy person. . . . In some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen — on both sides of the curtain."

Lamb, in this place, to be sure, is speaking solely of comedy and even contrasting it with tragedy, but the principle once admitted for one kind of dramatic composition, will be seen to be operative in all; especially in our modern plays, with their promiscuous intermingling of smiles and tears. "A judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen on both sides

of the curtain," — is not that what all proper stage convention comes to? We, of the audience, recognize the fact that you, of the stage, are not at home in your own houses. We understand well enough that you are talking to us in an unnaturally loud voice out of the centre of a great awkward, complex machine full of ropes, pulleys, traps, and ladders, and painted canvases. We know well enough that your daggers are made of lath, and your champagne of cold tea, and that your faces are covered with paint. We know very well when you say, "An hour has passed," that in reality it has not been fifteen minutes. But we shall not complain. We have a judicious understanding with you. You, on your side, agree to do the best you can to entertain us with the means at hand; we on our side agree to make allowances for the conventional character of the instrument thought which you bring before us the conception of the dramatist.

We do precisely the same thing in the other arts. We accept certain conventionalities because they are essential limitations of the art. We do not ask the painter to put real water on his canvas or to stick cow's hair on his painted cows. We do not want our statues painted flesh color. The untutored spectator may indeed be annoyed by blurring haze of a picture by Corot and prefer an unmistakable chromo-lithograph of some familiar scene; but the art amateur makes no such mistakes. The "atmosphere" with which the master artist suffuses his handiwork is to the experienced art critic a source of keen delight. And the pleasure, it should be noted, which mere technique is able to bestow is by no means inconsiderable.

It is not hard to explain how this idea that the drama is to throw away its conventional elements has arisen. It has come about, I take it, through the theorizing of men who are accustomed to writing novels and stories, but are not at home in stageland. When they read plays or try to write them, they imagine the lines are being read, not as being acted and heard. They think of men and women as moving about in the freer world of the novel, not as taking their carefully learned steps upon the boards of a theatre. The plays that such men write strike the novel-reader as admirable. What character! What nobleness of sentiment! But the actor who is called upon to interpret them, and without whose aid they cannot come to a dramatic birth, reads them with con-

tracted eyebrows. "Very pretty story, but not adapted for the stage," is the verdict in nine cases out of ten; and if this verdict is appealed from, the higher court of the public rarely fails to confirm it with costs to the unlucky dramatist. Such plays, I have said, usually strike the novel-reader as excellent, but I doubt if this will long continue to be the case. There is something nerveless and unorganized about the unactable drama, even to the average man. Productions of this sort have not lived long nor have they contributed to the national life. This will be still less the case as time goes on and the knowledge of dramatic technique, now confined to a comparatively few scholars, permeates the general mass of readers. I believe this because I am hopeful. If I were pessimistic, I would say that the novel was likely to go on extending its influence until it sapped the dramatic consciousness and left us only the novelized and unactable drama. But I do not believe the case so bad as that.

The stage remaining what it is (and practically it has suffered no change worth speaking of since the days of the mystery and miracle plays), the dramas of the future, so far as their forms are determined, will be governed by the same laws of dramatic construction which prevail at the present day. Whether the play is realistic or idealistic, psychological or meteorological, it will as of old have its lines, its monologues, its exposition, its stage business, its climax and its catastrophe. It will have its conventionalities just as a picture will always have perspective. It will have characters that are artless and simple, and characters that are malignant, call them ingénue and villain, or whatever you like. It will have a stage with its "exteriors" and "interiors," "entrances," "wings," "traps," and "flats." It will have special features and devices of dialogue for the purpose of conveying certain kinds of information to the audience. It will have its own conventional time, which will go fast or slow as the dramatist shall choose. It will be rendered by actors who will employ over-loud tones of voice and make exaggerated gestures and pretend to do all sorts of things, which they do not do in fact. They will have set times for coming and going off, and if one character plays two parts he will have time allowed him to make a change of dress and "make-up." So it has always been; so, we may be very sure, it always will be.

The most radical of the new school, when they have succeeded in securing a hearing, have not been able to sail in the teeth of these dramatic trade winds. Even Mr. Archer admits with a sigh, that Ibsen has not been able to rid himself of the pestilent heresy of Aristotle's poetics. No, nor has the organist succeeded in doing away with organ pipes. Wherever Ibsen has abandoned the sound laws of dramatic technique, he has failed as a dramatist; wherever he has followed them, he has been brilliantly successful. In the best part of his plays, taking into account the differences growing out of the different social environment, his technique is precisely that of all other successful dramatists new or old. In the following scene, for example, from "*Samfundets Stötter*," see how the punishment of Consul Bermick who has sent the ship "*Indian Girl*" to sea with a rotten hull, is made to grow out of his own evil deeds:—

Hilmar (rapidly re-entering). Everyone gone! Even Betty!

Bermick. What's the matter?

Hilmar. I—I dare not say.

Bermick. What's that? I say you must tell me.

Hilmar. Well then—Olof—he—has run away to sea—in the "*Indian Girl*."

Bermick (starting back.) Olof!—in the "*Indian Girl*"? No, no!

Lona. Yes, it is true. I see it all now. He jumped out of the window. I saw him.

Bermick (who has gone to the door of his room, calls in a despairing tone). Krap! The "*Indian girl*!" Hold the ship, for heaven's sake!

(Enter Krap.)

Krap. Out of the question, Consul. How do you suppose—

Bermick. I say the ship must be held. Olof is aboard of her!

Krap. What!

(Enter Rummel from the office.)

Rummel. Olof run away? Absurd!

(Enter Sanstad.)

Sanstad. They will send him back with the pilot, Consul.

Hilmar. No (*shows letter*); here is what he has written me: he will hide in the cargo until the ship is well on her course.

Bermick. I shall never see him again!

Rummel. Stuff! A ship, just refitted —

Vigeland (who has come in before). And in your own shipyard, Consul.

Bermick. I tell you, I shall never see him again. I have lost him forever. Lona — now I understand — he was never really mine — (*listening*) what's that?

Rummel. Music. Here comes the procession.

And along comes a delegation of citizens to congratulate the wretched man on his "immaculate moral career," and to present him a service of plate for his maintenance of the "Ethical idea."

I suppose that Mr. Archer and others who see a new order of things in Ibsen's dramas, shake their heads over this scene and call it poor stuff; they "hear the machine creaking," and wish that the dramatist had not gathered up the threads of his plot so carefully. The worst of all is that the "Indian Girl" did not go to sea, and so Olof is restored to his father. This is a lamentable state of affairs because it actually gives the play the semblance of a plot! A plot in Ibsen! Shades of romantic drama can this be?

When the violinist is able to dispense with a sounding board, then and then only, will the dramatist be able to dispense with the old fundamental laws of dramatic construction, with the old theatrical conventionalities. The dramatist will find fresh material for characterization in sources which are not now suspected. The manager will utilize all the discoveries of science in the mechanical construction of the theatre. New plots will be discovered and old ones will be revamped. But only when some genius shall devise a method by which plays may be presented without a stage and without actors, shall characters be allowed "to come and go as they please;" only then shall we "hear no more of 'villains' and 'leading heavies.'" And that will be—never!

EVOLUTION AND MORALITY.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D., LL. D.

IN 1887 there was published in London an essay which bore the title, "Herbert Spencer's Theory of Religion and Morality." It has been republished in this country under the title of "The Moral and Religious Aspects of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy." From the essay we make the following extract as setting forth a friendly and an accurate statement of Mr. Spencer's theory of morality. It is to be remarked that Mr. Spencer has completed only one of his projected works on ethics, namely, the "Data of Ethics."

"Conduct is good when it conforms to the requirements of life; to the extent that it fails of accomplishing this end it is bad. But here it must be carefully borne in mind that, by reason of the entanglement of human actions, every act must be considered with reference to its effect upon the actor himself, upon his offspring, and upon society at large. Acts which are good so far as the individual is concerned, may be bad when regarded from the standpoint of his offspring, or of society at large. Hence, in a social state, an act is moral only when it tends simultaneously to satisfy the needs of the actor himself, or of his offspring, and of society at large. In their summed-up effects, good acts are productive of more pleasure than pain; and *e converso*, bad acts produce more pain than pleasure. Perfect goodness cannot give rise to any pain at all; where pain figures as a direct result of an act, that act is *pro tanto* wrong. No course of action is absolutely right which causes even a modicum of pain. *Perfect goodness* (that is, conduct which is absolutely right) and *the greatest happiness* are terms expressive of the same idea from different points of view. *Perfect goodness* means conduct that completely satisfies the separate and combined requirements of individual and social well-being: *the greatest happiness* describes the effect produced by this ideal fitness of things. To secure the greatest possible quantum of happiness is the great desideratum of life; but, since perfect goodness is the *sine qua non* of the greatest happiness, a perfectly moral life is the only means by which this desirable end can be attained. And this is true, despite the variable character of different standards of happiness, because the

general conditions to the achievement of happiness are always the same, no matter how much the special conditions may vary. Hence, while the greatest happiness is the ultimate end of life, it must not be made the direct object of pursuit. Our immediate aim must be to live at peace with our fellow-beings; to deal justly with them all in our transactions; and, finally, to render them active assistance in their efforts to gratify the lawful desires of life."

If this Spencerian theory were true, let us see what would follow. If to make my conduct good, I must conform to the requirements of life, then I must have a sufficiently wide outlook of life and a sufficient sagacity to perceive its requirements, in order to make my life virtuous. But where is the man amongst the most cultivated of men who is able to do this thing? Especially as by reason of the entanglement of human actions those who hold this theory perceive that every act must be considered with reference to its effect upon the actor himself, upon his offspring, and upon society at large. If this be the case, then it is impossible for all the intellect in all the world to formulate even a very simple system of ethics, and if the evolution theory be right, the demand which the Spencerian theory of morals makes is correct. Each man must know whether any act tends to satisfy all the needs of all the world, or else he cannot tell whether it be good or bad. It may be true that under some happy effects good acts are productive of more pleasure than pain, but where is the intellect amongst men who can sum up the effects of any single action of any single man? It may be true that bad acts produce more pain than pleasure in the long run. They certainly do not always in this present life. The pleasures of sin make the power of sin over human life. It would be difficult to decide the question whether in this mortal life those who commit sin have more pain than pleasure. How, then, are we to know of any act that it is a good or a bad act on this theory?

It might or might not be true that perfect goodness cannot give rise to any pain at all, but it certainly does not derive any probability from known facts in human life. Perhaps we have no case of perfect goodness amongst men. If we have, no one yet has discovered it, or if anyone has discovered it, he has not yet exhibited it. We do know that the "goodness" with which we are acquainted may give much

pain. We know that much of the pain that exists in the world is the product of goodness, that in many a life if there were none of the sacrifices of goodness, if the subject were brutally bad or obstinately hard, there would be no pain. The suffering of the innocent for the guilty is world-wide and a world-known thing. The goodness of heroism and the goodness of self-abnegation have brought pain from the days of the firstborn man down to this day, wherein a brilliant woman has given up mating with a noble man to pursue a magnificent career in human life that she may remain to discharge the offices of love which she believes have been bound upon her by duty and exclude her from the offered career.

It was said above that we have had no example of perfect goodness in the world. The Christian reader may object to that, and say we have one man who has existed and in whom no fault could be found,—Jesus of Nazareth. Well, if that be granted, his case overthrows the fundamental doctrine of the Spencerian theory, for he was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” and he died under the torture of exquisite pain. Every sorrow of that man’s life, every grief of that man’s heart, every agony of that man’s body, was brought on him by his goodness. If he had been merely as non-principled, we will not say unprincipled, as an ordinary man of the world, he might easily have avoided both his Gethsemane and his Golgotha.

Another question arises. Is it true that to secure the greatest possible quantum of happiness is the greatest desideratum of life? We should need to agree upon the word happiness. If happiness means freedom from pain, physical comfort, and the sense of the enjoyment of our environment, then the proposition could be readily denied. It is far from being the great desideratum of life. There may be something very much more desirable than all these, and in point of fact, for that something else all these things have been resigned by all the greatest, and all the best men produced by the human race.

It is a little curious to be told that while the greatest happiness is the ultimate end of life, it must “not be made the direct object of pursuit.” Why not? Then we are told what must be our immediate aim, namely, to live at peace with our fellow beings, to deal justly with them in all our

transactions, and, finally, to render them assistance in their efforts to gratify the lawful desires of life.

It would be interesting to be informed how I am to live at peace with my fellow beings; how I am to deal justly with them and what are the lawful desires of their life. These are the very points in question; a large portion of the science of ethics lies here.

If I am to know all the possible effects of any act of mine to determine whether it be lawful, I must have the same knowledge to determine whether the act or desire of my fellow man be lawful. *Where* am I to find all this? *How* am I to find all this? How is the man who rises up early and lies down late and sweats all day to make his bread, to know all these things? It is supposed that the evolution theory would teach us that as society progresses by a very large number of examinations of a very large number of cases conducted by many generations we should, by and by, in the lapse of cycles, come to learn the general tendency of particular acts, and so by the *imprimatur* of human society to declare some acts right and others wrong. But man has been too short a time on earth to have had opportunity for a safe conclusion.

And that pushes the difficulty only a little further back. How did this sense of "right" and "wrong" first come into the world? How did it begin with those quadrupedal ancestors of ours, who swung themselves by their long tails in the original arboreal academies, get the idea that there could be such a thing as "rightness" and its opposite "wrongness" among men? It must have had a beginning. Is it possible to imagine any beginning of that distinction which has in itself formed the superbest thought that is entertained by the most cultivated intellects in this advanced period of humanity? How did it first come?

If Mr. Spencer carries forward his work, we shall be interested to see what he does in the department of the *Sanctions* of Ethics. There may be some *Data* of ethics among the phenomena of human existence; there may be enough of them to make something of a system; but suppose the most perfect system could be formulated, the question readily arises why should I do such and such a thing. Suppose the answer be because it is right, I might then reply, Why should I do right? The response is, Because it conforms to the

requirements of life. But, who knows what are the requirements of life? And, what right has life to make any requirements of me? Suppose I should not choose to conform to the requirements of life, even when known, what then? Why should I be called bad, as the Spencerian theory does call me? Suppose I am told that in the long run it would give me more pleasure than pain to conform to what other people, or even I, myself, regard as the requirements of life? Suppose, then, I take the ground that I do not want the pleasure of the long run, that, for the pleasure which I can have in a certain course for five years, I prefer to be a consumptive or rheumatic for fifteen years, who has a right to say I am "bad" or "good" for that? Suppose I am taught that a virtuous act is one that promotes the greatest good of the greatest number, who shall denounce me if I say I do not care for the greatest good of the greatest number? In the first place, I do not know that it is good; in the next place I would rather they would not have so much pleasure; and, what claim have the greatest number upon me?

The greatest number I believe whom I can effect will live on this planet after I am dead. It is not a mere joke, but it is a serious philosophical question,—What has posterity ever done for me that I should warp my life away, from my preference for posterity?

Why should a man do right? That is a serious question. It is that question which makes it imperative that I find out the sanction which is behind the data. In the most serious and candid thought has not this question arisen in every fair mind? Could men possibly find out what is right unless it be revealed to them by an infinite mind? Would an infinite mind reveal to mankind what is right and what is wrong unless that infinite mind had an interest in men avoiding wrong and doing right? If he have such interest, is it not natural to suppose that he will protect his interests, provided he can do so? Does not the admission of the existence of the ethical quality in human actions necessitate the existence of a Being capable of knowing all the possibilities of the infinite and capable of protecting His own moral interests? And does not this involve the antecedent probably of a revelation from Himself to humanity? Several things seem to follow:—

Evolution being atheistic (mark, not antetheistic) having no use for a God, believing that matter as matter has in itself the promise and potency of all existence, and that nothing is which matter itself has not put forth, that the universe is a system *of* matter *by* matter *for* matter, may perceive some things that look like data of ethics but must not ask itself to be received, until it establish some sanction of ethics. The development theory does not carry that load. It accepts everything that science has established in regard to the development of the universe. It accepts everything of science which evolution accepts, but it teaches that all this progress has been made on what was originally created for development by an infinite Being and has been brought along the line of development by the constant supervision and exertion of the original Creator.

The development theory, therefore, is more scientific than the evolution, because it accounts more scientifically to the human mind for the greater number of phenomena. It does not leave the mind to grasp its way through millions of years striving to find out whether any action be right or wrong, and whether right be better than wrong or wrong better than right, but it permits the possibility of supposing that the infinite mind might communicate its will in regard to the nature of human action in the very earliest stages of human existence.

The fact seems to be that the fundamental ethical idea that the difference between right and wrong, "ought" and "ought not," is no natural or scientific portion of evolution whatever, but is taken bodily from the other theory and foisted on to evolution, which does not afford a hasp sufficiently strong to hold so long and heavy a chain.

If there be a God, probably He knows what is right and what is wrong, and possibly He knows the "why" of the difference. No one else can. If He fail to make the communication to the human mind, then that far humanity is free from responsibility. Our knowledge of this whole subject must depend upon some such revelation. What God teaches man to be wrong is wrong and what God teaches man to be right must be right. If there be any other kind of act, it is indifferent. Every act that has an ethical quality involves responsibility. Responsibility means the being obliged to answer to one who has a right to demand. If there be no

one in the universe who has a right to demand of me why I do so and so, then, in the sense of any responsibility, it does not matter whether I do so and so. Of irresponsible beings it cannot be affirmed that any of their actions are either right or wrong.

Evolution being simply on trial, it cannot be accepted in the department in which Mr. Spencer is writing until it establish the Sanction of Ethics.

NATIONALIZATION OF THE LAND AS FIRST PRESENTED.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE. PART I.*

THE paramount questions of the present day concern the relation of man to man. That relation has heretofore been one of a constant collision with a crushing of happiness and life. It has been affirmed, that such collision or antagonism is not a necessary or essential part of the plan of Nature, and that a proper arrangement of the relations of man to man, will put an end to this collision of interest and of feeling which gives rise to all the miseries of human life. The possibility of doing this, is the great question of the age. It is the question, whether life shall always be a great battlefield, where the conquerors shall wield an almost unlimited power, and the victims shall experience, through life, every possible accumulation of sufferings and wrongs, up to death itself; whether, in the struggle for existence and enjoyment, the feebler class shall be gradually deprived of all the

*This essay, published in the summer of 1847 in the *Herald of Truth*, Cincinnati, was probably a premature announcement of doctrine for which the public mind had not been prepared, and produced no effective response. Countless thousands of millions would have been saved to the republic, had the American people then been prepared to know and assert their rights before their heritage was squandered in the mad riot of land grabbing. But it is "never too late to mend." After all the horses are stolen, better stables may be built. After health is lost physiology and hygiene may be studied. There is a method of restoration after any calamity, and that safe method I have indicated. The world is deeply indebted to HENRY GEORGE for arousing its torpid conscience on this subject. I would gladly have engaged in the propagandist labor in 1847, but for the fact that I had then been for twelve years engaged in the attempt to erect a true philosophy on the basis of a new science, and was also intensely occupied in the attempt to supersede the Papal despotism of collegiate authority in the medical profession by the Protestant freedom of private judgment, expressed by the word Eclectic—a movement successful from the start, and now capable of sustaining itself with its seven colleges. Parallel to the work in philosophy is the work in reform. The right of woman to absolute freedom, and the right of the nation to its land are initial reforms—following which is another *equally radical and indispensable reform*, which I propose to present as a *NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY MEASURE*, at the close of the essay on the land question, hoping that it may receive the eloquent advocacy of Mr. George and of many others who are ready to level with the ground the ancient *TEMPLE OF WOE*, in which mankind have so long suffered.

pleasures of life, and means of self-improvement, and shall be continually held in imminent danger of losing even the necessities of life itself, while a more favored class, by means of fortune, accident, or energy, not only escapes these evils, but wastes, in a profligate manner, the very means which are sufficient for the supply of all. It is a question, whether the fates of men shall be so unjust and unequal as to present us one class with a hereditary right to the enjoyment of ease and power, and another class with no hereditary right but that of toil and want, degeneracy and death.

This question turns upon the law of the distribution of wealth. The distribution of the goods of life by the selfish system — the system of competition and antagonism — ever has been, and ever must be, unequal and unjust.

It necessarily divides mankind into the two great classes of the powerful and oppressed — the rich, who are growing richer; and the poor, who are growing poorer — the higher classes, who enjoy in perfection, the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and the lower classes, with whom these rights are little more than nominal, whose "pursuit of happiness" is nothing more than a toilsome pursuit of bread, whose liberty is little more than the privilege of employing eight or ten hours of the twenty-four in sleep, eating, and relaxation from labor, or, in other words, the privilege of employing one or two hours in the twenty-four at their discretion; and whose right to life does not include any right to the means of life, and therefore is, in reality, nugatory. What right to life has the poor operative, whose daily bread has no security? who may, at any moment, be deprived of it by the caprice of an employer, or by the fluctuations of commerce?

The selfish system of society tends, therefore, continually to the destruction of human rights and human happiness; it is a world-wide maelstrom in which justice and democracy are continually wrecked, and disappear, however their pale phantoms may hover over the spot of their destruction. The construction of some other system of society than this, is the problem of the age. We need some system compatible with justice — some system which will not sacrifice the substance of republicanism, while preserving its forms; which will not involve, as a necessary consequence, the sacrifice of those who labor, and the isolation of all classes from each other.

But the re-organization of society requires not only a new method of distributing the proceeds of labor in a manner compatible with justice and with the good of all; it must comprehend another fundamental measure. There are immense interests involved in things which are not the product of human labor. The air, the sunshine, the water, and the earth, which man receives direct from God, and which are not the products of his own exertions, must be considered in any scheme of society; for they are the first necessities of life, and their distribution is one of the most important measures.

The lighter of these elements cannot be bound up and controlled by man. Sunshine distributes itself, by its own law of radiation, without respect to human enactments; air, too, goes alike freely to all; and water flows too abundantly to be the subject of any grievous monopoly; but land, which is not furnished in the boundless profusion of light, air, and water, and which is easily circumscribed and held in possession — land is distributed, not as God distributes the sunlight and the breeze, but by the avaricious passions of man, by the arbitrary decrees of government, and by the resistless power of brute force.

That it should have been so distributed, is *prima facie* evidence that our land system is unjust. This great gift of the Creator,—the earth, and all its treasures, present and prospective,—should be received and managed by man, in a spirit far different from aught that we have seen. It should be received, not as a herd of hungry swine receive their daily supply of food, rushing pell-mell against each other, to get the largest possible share; but as an organized assembly of wise men would receive a great and inestimable fund of wealth confided to their charge for the benefit of posterity. It should be received, not with brutishness, but with manliness; not with a fierce and hungry avarice, but with a calm, profound thought, disinterested impartiality, and a deep sense of responsibility. The nation should deliberate earnestly and long upon the question, to ascertain what justice demands, and how the universal prosperity may be the best promoted in the distribution of its land.

At this point we are met by the conservative, who replies that the land is already justly distributed; that it is rightly owned in fee simple, by those who have paid for it, and who

have, therefore, an unquestionable title; that land must be owned, in this manner, by individuals, to secure the proper reward of industry, and encourage its cultivation or improvement; that any other system than this is utterly impracticable, and unsuited to the well-known laws of human nature; that the system of individual proprietorship has been carried out with strict justice in our country; and that great inequalities of possession are nothing more than the natural and proper consequences of the freedom of purchase and sale, and the various degrees of energy, judgment, and economy among men; in short, that our whole land system is based upon the laws of Nature, upon necessity, and upon the principles of strict justice between man and man. Moreover, he affirms that any discussion of this question, or assault upon the existing system, is agrarian and dangerous in its tendency; that it teaches man to disregard the sacred rights of property, and encourages the spirit of turbulence and robbery.

There is no little plausibility in these suggestions of the conservative, and there are many conscientious men who will feel their force, and, regarding them as conclusive, will turn aside with scorn from the great land question, as a hobby of corrupt politicians and brawling demagogues.

But far different will it appear to those who examine this matter thoroughly and fearlessly; to those who examine the land system to ascertain its justice — not merely legal justice, but true, absolute justice, in the fullest sense. Far differently will it appear to those who examine our land system as philanthropists, and inquire whether it is the one best calculated to promote the happiness of all, and insure the greatest amount of wealth and prosperity to the nation.

It matters but little whether we take up this matter as a question of justice, or as a question of social happiness. There is but little difference in the two methods of consideration; for universal justice involves necessarily a due regard to universal happiness; and, on the other hand, the highest schemes of philanthropy necessarily embrace the principles of universal justice, as the warm, living body embraces and contains its solid skeleton as the basis of its structure. We propose to discuss this subject by laying down certain fundamental propositions, which are either self-evident or easily demonstrable, and tracing the legitimate deductions from these premises.

1. The earth is an original gift of God to man, and, as such, belongs, of right, to the human race in general, and not to the individuals of the race, separately.

2. The exclusive proprietorship, in fee simple, of any given amount of land, by an individual, is an infraction of the common rights of the race, unless a general consent has been given by the community to this monopoly.

3. The rights of individual proprietorship are consequently factitious or conventional, and based, in reality, not upon government edict or immemorial usage, but upon the will of the people.

Practically, we might recognize a modification of this principle, in consequence of the division of the race by geographical barriers, difference of language, etc., which render it expedient to consider each nation as the lord of its own soil. Yet the proposition we have laid down must be considered the paramount principle, to which the other must give way whenever practicable.

4. Antecedent generations have not an unlimited power to prescribe the legislation of posterity. Each generation, therefore, has the right, in itself, to establish its own conventionalities, and re-create those institutions which depend upon its own consent for their legitimate existence.

The first proposition is one of those self-evident truths which scarcely need to be enforced by illustration, and yet how entirely does it appear to have been overlooked in human legislation. The object of government seems to have been, in almost all cases, to abrogate or supersede this original right by a multitude of private monopolies, and so effectually to obliterate all traces of its existence, that mankind should forget their great primitive right to the soil, and become so habituated to monopoly, as to consider any reference to their fundamental original right, an idle and profligate speculation.

Yet this is a great truth, and one of the most important practical bearing; for it is at the foundation of society, law, and government. It is a truth upon which we must act. Its tendency is eminently benevolent and just, and whenever men shall be ready to base their social institutions upon this great fundamental truth, there will be the grandest and most beneficent revolution in government and society which has ever yet taken place. We propose to elucidate this assertion by taking our fundamental proposition, tracing its necessary

consequences, showing how we are bound, in justice, to embody this principle, and what would be the glorious practical effects of thus going back to first principles, and rendering our governmental action just and true.

If the principle be true, we are bound to act upon it. If it be true, obedience to this truth must be beneficial to man. With a clear and undimmed perception of its truth, we cannot hesitate about adopting it as the basis of action. But, crushed and buried as this principle is, beneath the false and artificial institutions of society, millions of the most enlightened portion of the human race pass through life, suffering intensely from the effects of the present organization of society, without ever once suspecting the existence of their great fundamental and violated right.

Well do we remember when and where this great truth first became manifest to our own mind. Some twelve or thirteen summers had brought our youthful mind to that stage of progress in which decisive opinions were to be formed on the great questions of philosophy and morals. The justice and policy of our land system we had not scrutinized, or doubted; we had heard no syllable whispered against the justice or policy of the arrangements in which all men seemed to acquiesce; but, in the course of our desultory reading, poring over the daily packages of newspapers to which we had access, we met with a paragraph in Poulson's *Daily Advertiser* (an old Philadelphia newspaper), which at once made an indelible impression upon the mind. A correspondent of that paper — apparently an Englishman — undertook to justify the English system of tithes, and, in a paragraph of thirty or forty lines, presented an apparently unanswerable statement. Regarding established churches, with their tithes, as among the most hideous features of European tyranny, we were overwhelmed by the force of the argument, which seemed to justify this clerical tax. It was argued, that the clerical right to tithes was just as valid as the rights of any fee simple proprietor in the kingdom; that they were nothing more than a peculiar form of rent, not distinguishable, in principle, from the ordinary rents of landlords. If, for example, ten persons had been originally joint proprietors of an estate of a thousand acres, entitled, in common, to its entire rental, they might either receive their rent in partnership, or divide the tract, and each receive the

rents of 100 acres; or, if any one of the party wished to enjoy his separate interest, without the trouble of exclusive possession or ownership of one tract, he might retain a claim to one tenth of the rent of each of the tracts; which claim would be as valid and just as would be his fee simple claim to the full enjoyment and possession of 100 acres. In like manner, a great lord, in disposing of his estates, might think proper to give land in fee simple to those who would wish to own and possess it; but to bestow merely a portion of its usufruct or rental on others, who desired merely a certain income. He might thus leave his estates in possession of some one who could maintain their dignity undivided, and give to his clerical relatives or friends a greater interest, as above illustrated. If, for example, he wished to give a clergyman or church one-twentieth of his landed estate, in the form of a salary, he might, instead of conveying any specific tract of land, charge the whole of his land with the payment of one-twentieth of its rental to the object of his bequest. Thus by private agreement, by bequests, and by governmental appropriations, the church might become, although not an extensive landholder, a participant in all the land revenues of the kingdom. For there can be no doubt that he who is competent to convey the land, with its whole rental, is also competent to convey any portion of that rental, without conveying the title. Thus might the church become a quasi proprietor or partial landlord, and collect its tithes, or any other species of charges, with as unquestionable a right as any landlord of the kingdom can possibly have to his land and its rents.

Convinced by this argument that the ecclesiastical taxes, which were so abominable in the eyes of Americans, were, in all probability, as well founded in justice as any of the rights of landed proprietors, and that they must stand or fall together, we at once inquired whether the whole system of tithes, rents, and land titles was or was not founded in justice; whether it could be true that any body of men, whether clergy or landholders, were entitled to live in splendor,—they and their successors forever,—upon the toil of the less favored classes.

We could not realize, in our crude conceptions of justice, any authority for the establishment of such an order of hereditary nobility,—a class of men privileged to live by a

heavy tax upon the remainder of society. We could not recognize, in any lord, king, or government, the right of thus establishing hereditary distinctions among men, to last forever, and thus control the organization of society, in a more enlightened age, by the edicts of the dominant powers of an early and less enlightened period.

Yet such are the legitimate consequences of the present system of land-ownership. Establish the unlimited control of individuals over land, and you necessarily have large bodies of land consecrated to private ownership, and yielding in perpetuity vast incomes to the proprietors. In other words, you have an aristocratic class supported by the most burdensome tax upon the industry of the remainder of the community. The owner of the land, and his successors, contributes nothing to the welfare of society, as a return for his wealth; he simply monopolizes a certain portion of the heritage of man, and for this the human race becomes tributary to him. Whatever the formalities by which this arrangement has been legalized, we cannot feel that this is just.*

To render the case more apparent, suppose that some few hundred proprietors had been sufficiently wealthy and energetic to monopolize the soil of North America. Suppose that, under grants from the English crown, or from the French and Spanish, they had become legal proprietors, and sagaciously held fast to the soil, for the sake of the vast income it was destined to yield. Suppose that these few hundred proprietors had remained in London, exercised their ownership, and refused to sell their title to any portion. Could this arrangement have been maintained? Would it have been submitted to?

Would the inhabitants of the North American continent have submitted to the vassalage of this condition? These landlords would have been to America a more important and more absolute power, in reality, than any of mere governmental functions. The dependence of a nation of tenantry upon their landlords, is more abject than that of any colony upon its parent country. Were the present land system thus set forth in its naked deformity, it could not exist;

*The landlord's tax is paid by all classes of society; it increases in proportion to the amount of population who need food. The increased price of food goes not to the tenant or laborer, but to the landlord alone. Rent is nothing more or less than a tax upon the whole community.

it would fall to pieces from its own hideousness. The absurdity is too glaring: place the landlords in one country, and the tenantry in another, and announce, as the perpetual law of social order, that the citizens of one country shall pay, from their own hard earnings, an annual tribute of a thousand millions to the citizens of another, thus maintaining them forever in idle and profligate splendor; make this a fundamental part of the constitution of society, and with no other reason whatever for its existence, than some arbitrary theory about title to the soil—a theory as false as it is pernicious—and the common sense of the world would sweep away the false and barbarous system, as soon as its operation was seen. The land system owes its tolerated existence to the fact that it is not seen and understood; that it is so commingled with all the arrangements of society, as to render it difficult to disentangle the complicated web. But if it is wrong and hideous in its nakedness, when set forth by itself, it must still be wrong and injurious, however it may be disguised and commingled with other affairs.

If it is horrible to see a class like the Irish absentee landlords, drawing from that unfortunate nation immense incomes, extracted from the sweat and blood of millions; if it is horrible to see a nation, producing within itself an ample support by toilsome industry, perishing beneath the ravenous mouths of legal vampires; if it is horrible to see two millions perishing for the want of the necessities of life, while the food which they have produced is legally snatched from their mouths to swell the wealth of an idle, useless, and unfeeling class,—who, that looks upon society in its true light, can see, with any complacency, this horrible machinery of death fastened upon the vitals of the great Anglo-Saxon republic, in which the hopes of good men have centred, as the chosen home of liberty and justice for the oppressed?

In vain shall the "Exile of Erin" seek for "a mansion of peace" beneath the folds of the "star-spangled banner"; in vain shall he fly from the death and ruin which fill his native land, if, wherever he flies, he finds the same vast web of power and tyranny, embracing in its meshes the people of every land. His escape is but temporary; he but flies from the smaller to the larger and looser meshes of the net. The same threads here surround and limit his movements; from year to year the cords are growing stronger, and the

meshes are growing smaller, and the multitudes of men, like swarms of insects, are placing themselves within the close and crushing imprisonment of this web of feudal law. The evil day may be postponed, by emigration to America; they may be here but slightly bruised and cramped at first, but the day of crushing and death, when the blood of millions shall flow freely, is but postponed a few generations.

We do not utter these fearful predictions from a gloomy or an angry impulse. Far from it. We must confess that we belong to the hopeful class of optimists. Ay, we are Utopians, we belong to the very visionary class who believe that the future must be better than the past, and that truth and justice must ultimately triumph. But if we see a brighter sunlight far ahead on the journey of humanity, there is no reason why we should be unconscious of the blackness of the thunder cloud which overhangs and terribly darkens the landscape. The race of man is morally and socially, as well as physically, diseased. If we believe in the recovery and future health of the patient, that is no reason why we should be insensible to his corroding ulcers, and fearful chronic derangements of his vital organs. We do believe in the *vis medicatrix naturæ* of humanity; for we believe that in the most interior life there is health. Regeneration has commenced in the interior of the soul. The spirit of America and Europe is undergoing regeneration, and will regenerate the grosser body of society. In the mind of the Caucasian race, there is a soul-centre, in which truth, purity, and genuine life exist. From this centre the mentality of the race is regenerating, and, as it regenerates, the body is regenerated by its diffusive power. The putrescent accumulations, caused by the moral poison and malaria of past ages, will be excreted from the body of society, and a beautiful rejuvenated humanity shall rise before us.

Of all the acrid poisons that shall be thus expelled from the constitution, the most potent, permanent, metallic poison, is the land law. This law, disguise it as we may, is a relic of despotism; it perpetuates an ingenious system of serfdom, not less pernicious than the villeinage of the feudal ages. If human ingenuity can devise any plan by which the present land system can be made compatible with the principles of democracy, by which it can be made to result in anything else than the establishment of corrupt arrogant wealth on the

one hand, and pauper-like degradation on the other, we may acknowledge that it is not inevitably a social poison; but until that has been done, we shall assume that it is a terrific poison, and that the great duty of the political physician is to eliminate it entirely from the social system? How, then, shall we accomplish the abolition of the land system. Let it be abolished by justice — not merely by simple destruction, but by the substitution of the right for the wrong; by constructive, and not by destructive philanthropy. Is it impossible to be just? Is it impossible to base our institutions upon the principles of abstract right? Is obedience to justice beneficial or injurious to a nation?

Believing that duty and happiness are associated, that not only individuals, but nations, are capable of attaining their highest destiny only in obedience to the laws of justice and true religion, we have no disposition to shrink, or even hesitate in the pursuit of our national duty. The national duty is the abolition of a pernicious land system, and the creation, in its stead, of a system compatible with justice and philanthropy.

Justice affirms that all men are born free, and equally entitled to the favors which heaven has extended to man; that all men are joint tenants of the globe, with but one landlord, "who is in heaven," to whom we owe, at least, as heavy a rental as ever a terrestrial landlord has exacted. We owe to Him the rental, not only of the soil, but of the running water, the sunshine, and the breeze, and of the mortal frames in which we are now dwelling. To Him are we bound to consecrate all the usufruct of the earth, beyond the necessities of a proper existence. We are bound to see that the fulness of the earth's productions shall not be diverted from the service of their legitimate proprietor, to be employed in supporting the selfishness, the profligate waste, the idle luxury, and the arrogant pomp which constitute a large part of the machinery of death in civilized society. Just in proportion as we permit this diversion, are we guilty, whether we divert these means of good to our own selfish aims, or tolerate their appropriation, by others, for unholy purposes. The means for human happiness and regeneration — the means of rendering earth a paradise — have been given to man in ample abundance. The fertile earth returns, for his toil, twice the amount that

is necessary for his subsistence. Let him not, then, complain of his destiny. Amply has he been furnished with the means of elevation to the highest sphere of felicity in which material life can flourish. The means are in his hands; it needs but his will to use them.

But ah, how vainly has this benevolence been lavished upon us! How blind have we been to our own interests! Inspired by the spirit of evil, we have constructed a system of society and law ingeniously contrived to violate forever each duty that we owe to God and man. We have contrived that the vast surplus of wealth beyond the support of the human race, shall be employed, not for the benefit of the race, not for the fulfilment of any duty, not even for the alleviation of the want and suffering which our shocking injustice allows to exist; but shall go to add to the mass of evil; shall go to build up distinctions and wide separations in society; shall go to foster idleness, selfishness, avarice, sensuality, profligacy, vanity, arrogance and despotism. How long, oh fellow-countrymen, shall this be permitted? How long, fellow-laborers, will you bow down a willing neck to this galling yoke which civilized society has provided for you and your posterity forever? How long shall we surrender an unquestionable right which we have both the right to assert and the might to maintain, and submit to be repaid by the scorn of the opulent and the neglect of our rulers? How long shall we continue to yield our birthright for the miserable mess of pottage which civilization has given us? How long shall we surrender silently our great estate, and see our children kept down forever, for want of the opportunities and education to which we and they are entitled? How long shall the honest and good poor man sit down in threadbare garments to a scanty meal and teach his children to reverence the institutions of society, which have provided for the sons of poverty a very rugged path and which have secured their unalterable degradation, by a combination of physical toil, and artificial ignorance, which render hopeless their attempts to rise? *

* This statement is sufficiently illustrated by history, and by the laws of political economy. So familiar is the fact, that it has even been used as an argument in behalf of slavery, which is claimed to be as desirable a condition as that to which the laboring classes are naturally destined. The *Southern Quarterly Review* justifies the condition of the slave by the remark,—“There is no laboring class, in any nation, better cared for,

Let us arouse, Americans! The great Republic has not yet fulfilled her mission, or thrown off all the chains of despotism. The heaviest manacles yet remain. Let us assert our rights, put away the cup of bitterness which has been prepared for us, and claim the destiny which justice awards us. Let us demand justice — justice to all men, to each individual, to ourselves, to the future! Let us call for the **BIRTHRIGHT OF HUMANITY!** But in what form shall we demand it? The highest practical wisdom and purest philanthropy will be required to overcome the difficulties presented by this question.

This question is surrounded by a thousand difficulties. Avarice, prejudice, passion, and self-interest stand in the way of every possible adjustment. No matter what the solution, there must be a host of evil passions roused. No matter what the arrangement we propose for the restoration of human rights, there must be, of necessity, a mighty power of wealth, of social and numerical influence arrayed against it. No matter what the motive of the change, we may expect that the whole force of the present moral machinery of society will be at first arrayed against it. But "we, the people," have the power not only to execute our will, but to raise up the proper organs for its expression. We approach this great question, with an earnest desire for the adoption of some practicable scheme, by which the principle may find a worthy embodiment. We entreat all who agree with us as to the inherent right of man to the soil, to give their earnest and impartial thought to the practicability and probable results of the principle, when rightly embodied. Were the earth an untenanted wilderness, or were we discussing this question simply in reference to the unappropriated national domain of the United States, its decision would be much more simple. But we aim at no limited scheme of social regeneration. Justice to all humanity is our aim; and in this country, we demand a regeneration of the land system, alike in reference to the occupied and unoccupied territory. Shall we, then, propose to restore each man his birthright, by

better fed, better clothed, better sheltered in old age, enjoying so great a share of the personal attention and kindness of his employers, or reaping so large a part of the profits of that capital with which his labor is combined. . . . Now the utmost that the laborer of any country can hope to obtain in return for his labor, is food and clothing, a fire, a dwelling place for himself and family, and shelter and support for himself in his old age."

annulling the existing titles to land, and dividing the whole of the soil of the United States, occupied and unoccupied, equally among the citizens? Far from it. Such a scheme would be a miserable climax of folly and injustice, fit only to render the great principle odious and ridiculous. There are "vested rights" in the soil, which we must reverently approach, and not rudely destroy. The man who has just purchased and paid for his tract of land, would regard any invasion of his title as a robbery not less felonious than that which assails his purse, or in any other way deprives him of the fruit of his toil. It would, in many cases, deprive the owner of the only reward he has received for years of honest labor.

Yet, if the principle of land monopoly is false, and if the practical effects of the system are terribly pernicious, there must be some method of redress. If the title is defective (and we maintain that all such titles are defective, when the nation wills that they no longer exist), there must be some method of going back to primitive justice, which our consciences can sanction.

(Concluded in our next issue.)

IMMIGRATION.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

IF the assertion made by me in a previous number of this publication, that migration is a law of Nature, be permitted, by the readers of THE ARENA, to stand as an axiom; and with it the deduction that, whenever such a law becomes oppressive to us, we can lighten the burden only by observing and studying its activity, and directing the energies of its forces into channels that will be profitable to us, I shall feel encouraged to take the next step, and enter upon an examination of the conditions under which immigration is either beneficial or harmful.

Let it be understood, however, that an event may be beneficial to a people, while it may destroy the prosperity of a number or class of individuals; or, *vice versa*, that an event may be beneficial to individuals, and a danger to the welfare of the nation. This proposition is, of course, not a novel one; it is no more nor less than the paraphrase of the old proverb, that there is no ill wind that would not blow to someone some good; yet, in our examination, we must take heed of it, because in considering so ponderous a question, our sympathy with individual suffering must give way to our sympathy with national welfare.

Another point must be kept in view, before starting on the investigation, namely: that emigration and immigration, though somewhat differing from each other, are as closely related as are the positive and negative poles of an electric battery. The emigrant and the immigrant are the same persons, and no more people immigrate into a new land than have emigrated from an old one, excepting, however, the possibility of their meeting with death on the way.

Why do people emigrate? There are only three causes which bring about emigration: The first is the restlessness of some minds. Inasmuch as Nature demands that the masses of humanity be kept in constant motion, and never allows them to fall into a state of torpidity, she infuses

individuals, and generally the most vigorous and active specimens of the genus, with an adventurous spirit over which they have no control. Offer to them whatever inducements you please,—wealth, honor, a pleasant home, they will not yield to them, but rather struggle against the hardship which the building up of a new domicile in a foreign land implies. It is exactly this hardship which attracts them; they dislike nothing more than the monotony of a well-regulated life, and consider themselves well repaid for their troubles by the charms which ever changing enterprises offer them. The story of Sinbad the Sailor, which gives so much pleasure to the readers of the "Arabian Nights," is true in so far as it describes that very trait of human character which will force into new dangers the man who has but yesterday barely escaped with his life, and who says, as does Schiller's William Tell:—

"Dann erst erfreu' ich meines Lebens mich,
Wenn ich auf's Neu mir taeglich muss erkaufen."

"Then only is my life a joy to me,
If I must buy it every day anew."

A second cause for emigration is the attraction which another country holds out to the comer. It is the outcome of the law of demand and supply. When human skill and labor are needed somewhere, they will fetch a higher price in that market than elsewhere. As every man wishes to sell his abilities at the highest price, he will naturally seek a place where he can get it, and the market where he will meet with least competition.

The third cause for emigration is the lack of safety, or the lack of means of sustenance experienced at home. Overpopulation, famine, religious or social intolerance, and unwise legislation force people to leave their native land, even against their will, and without much choice of where to go. Like a swarm of locusts, they will be driven by the wind, and carried along without choice as to direction.

These three classes of emigrants naturally turn into three classes of immigrants the moment they set foot upon a new country. Let us see what profit or danger they will bring to their new surroundings.

The first, the venturesome class, may bring harm to the

individual natives, among whom they settle, but they will always turn out a blessing to the land and the nation at large. The native population, having grown torpid and sluggish in course of several generations, may, for a while, suffer from the competition which the more active life of the new comer forces upon them; they may find it unpleasant to compete with the energetic stranger who has a quick eye to observe everything, and is at once ready to try and experiment; they may justly complain in many cases that the immigrant impoverishes them, and takes the bread out of their mouths; they may wonder how it happens, that the one who came to their shore or into their city or village naked, hungry, and penniless has grown rich in so short a time, and their jealousy may attribute his prosperity to dishonest transactions; but the national prosperity is always increased through such invaders. They bring with them new thoughts, a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong will. One such man is able to carry a hundred along with him who otherwise would have allowed things to run on sluggishly in the old ruts as before. His example will fire the rest to new enterprises, and notwithstanding the fact that he may take the lion's share of profits and thus rouse a feeling of jealousy against himself, the community is every time benefitted by his presence. It is a mistake to discourage or prohibit such immigration, or to consider people paupers because they carry no ready money with them. The test should rather be whether they are physically, mentally, and morally a desirable element. I concede that such a test, although it may sound theoretically feasible, would be a rather difficult one to be carried out in practice; I concede that it is easier to appoint and pay an official to examine the pockets of immigrants to ascertain whether they are provided with the means of support than to ascertain their general ability; but all the money a rich immigrant may bring and spend is not of so much value to the national prosperity as may be the energy and enterprise of a hungry stowaway.

The ones who seek a better market for their talent and working ability than they can find at home are not dangerous to the communities among whom they settle, although their arrival may tend to lower the rate of wages, and thus bring apparent hardship upon those who have been wont to consider their position a sinecure. The "Scab," who stands

ready to take up the work which the striker has dropped, because he would earn at the lower rate of wages which he expects to receive more than he ever received before, has not only a right to do so, but, though an inconvenience to the striker, he is a blessing to the land. Why? Not because a lower rate of wages cheapens the article produced, but because he brings talent, knowledge, and energy with him, and thus helps to produce more commodities than were heretofore turned out. The denomination of the price for an article is deceptive; all depends on the purchasing power of the money in circulation, and this again upon the productiveness of the land. It is said that when the foundation of the renowned Cathedral in Cologne was laid, so many hundred years ago, the workmen received one kreutzer wages a day, which coin would be equivalent in metal value to-day to one cent of our money, but that kreutzer had such a purchasing power that they could live by it. When the cathedral was about to be finished a few years ago, laborers received for their wages between four to seven marks a day, about two hundred times as much as did the workmen who laid the corner-stone, and yet they complained that their pay was insufficient to support them.

Many a laborer, being induced by the nominally higher rates of wages obtained in another country, has left his home and emigrated to find to his sorrow that he had been better off at home with smaller wages than in the new country with the higher rates. Although his presence and his competition helps to lower the rates still more, the country itself is benefited, because by his work a larger production is brought about and the purchasing power of money thus increases by degrees.

It is a mistake to prohibit or discourage the immigration of this class of laborers, especially into a land the resources of which have not by far been yet exhausted, but are awaiting the brain and the hand to change them into commodities. While momentarily their influx may lower the price of labor, in a short time things will adjust themselves, and a greater prosperity of the land will be the natural outcome.

I concede that the laborer held down by the iron hand of capital is momentarily harmed by the competition with such new comers; I concede that it is a real hardship for him, when after having under difficulties established a union, and

after having endeavored to better his position by means of a strike, he sees the victory wrenched from his hands by the introduction of new comers, who are willing to work for even less than he has received before; but unless our whole social system is changed, this will ever occur and can never be prevented. Neither must we judge an economic measure by the hardship which it brings to the individual, but by the advantages or disadvantages it brings to the whole community. It is the brains, the muscles, the will, and energy of the immigrant to use them which enrich a land and bring about pleasanter conditions of life, and the more of brains, of muscles, of will and energy a country can attract the better it is for her.

It is, therefore, folly to interdict the immigration of that second class, and after all, such an immigration can be no more suppressed, even by the most strenuous legislative acts, than water can be prevented by legislative means from seeking its own level.

The third class, however, is not only burdensome, but likely to become dangerous. People who are driven from their homes, either on account of over-population, famine, religious and social intolerance or unwise legislation, bring neither talent, energy, nor will with them; they bring despair and discontent. They are not the picked soldiers, they are the torpid mob that lack push and pluck. They, furthermore, arrive encumbered by their old and feeble ones, or by children not yet able to work. Having been pushed out of position without due notice, lacking both the venturesome spirit of the first class, and the mercantile spirit of the second, they are apt to become at once a burden to the land upon which, like a swarm of locusts, they happen to fall. Such an immigration ought to be prevented if possible, or regulated if it cannot be prevented. While love of self prompts us to refuse to carry a burden, which is not only heavy but dangerous to the common welfare, love of humanity ought, on the other hand, to prompt us to be merciful and to welcome even those who are undesirable immigrants, because they are so unfortunate as to own neither home nor settlement.

There seems to me but one way to prevent such an undesirable influx of strangers; namely, to convince those governments which undertake to rid themselves of their surplus population by acts of intolerance, that their proceeding is in-

human, and that if such inhumanity on their part is not promptly stopped, means will be resorted to, which will make such a government listen to the voice of justice and humanity. No country ought to be made the dumping ground upon which other countries could unload their refuse matter, their invalids, their aged, and their criminals. But it is of no avail to attempt to sift the material after it has arrived. It is inhuman and unworthy of so wealthy a country as America to drive the unfortunates from her doors after they have been placed at her steps. Their coming must be prevented, or if that be found impossible, we must do the next best thing, endeavor to succeed where others have failed, and try by wise regulations and by effective legislation to transform these immigrants into useful citizens.

SHELLEY, THE SCEPTIC.

BY REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY.

THE problems of Life and Death are essentially the same in all ages. They appear in different lights and shades: new facts are discovered from time to time, which make it necessary to consider those problems from new points of view, but the problems themselves remain the same. For thousands of years the profoundest minds have been pondering the questions of God's existence and nature, the origin and destiny of the universe and man; and yet, one of the most influential schools of philosophy to-day, the agnostic, has as its chief corner-stone the principle that we can not know the ultimate nature of anything. Truly, the world has been long in learning the lesson of old Socrates and of Job.

It is no wonder, then, that many, even religious minds, should give up the problems as insoluble, and take refuge in a blind faith which questions nothing and believes everything. Happy state, indeed, for those who can dwell contented in it! but there are myriads whose mental constitution absolutely forbids their assuming this state of happy indifference to the great problems of life. Nay, not only does their own mental constitution forbid such indifference, but circumstances, over which they have no control, force these questions upon their attention, and the only way by which they could escape trying to answer them would be to quit thinking and reading altogether. A simple straw lying at the feet of Galileo was sufficient to prove to his great mind the existence of the Creator. The tiny "flower in the cran-nied wall" is sufficient to suggest to a thinker thoughts of the Infinite and Eternal.

You cannot read a book in science, philosophy, or poetry, —much less the Bible,— without being forced to consider the problems in question. Even the magazines and newspapers of our day are full of discussions on religious and theological topics: so that indifference becomes utterly impossible. If one wants to take a summer's vacation, he can do so only

by closing his books, and throwing aside his papers, for if he takes up a volume of poems to while away a morning or evening he is at once plunged into the mysteries of being. Thus, during my last holiday, I took up Shelley's poems one day and began reading "Queen Mab," when all the great problems that now agitate the thinking world were at once thrust upon my tired mind and I could not drive them away until I had discussed them with the spirit of Shelley. The result of that discussion I shall now give. The reader must not think, however, that I propose to discuss Shelley's poetry *as poetry*, for I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall discuss his scepticism, first, because this is more in my line than literary criticism, and, secondly, because he anticipated our popular sceptics in their objections to Christianity, and hence his opinions are still at work in the religious world.

Shelley was a radical sceptic or infidel. But when one puts himself in Shelley's place, and realizes the difficulties which the popular theology of his day (and, indeed, of our own day) presented to a thinking mind, one cannot be much surprised at his scepticism. Shelley was a philosopher, and a poet; and to such a man much of the popular theology seems horribly irrational and absurd. And, first, the *Idea of God*, that prevailed in Shelley's day, and still prevails to a great extent, could not but shock the reason and conscience of a poet-philosopher. God was set forth more as a demon than a God,—a being who was ready to damn his creatures eternally, for the slightest offence. He was, says Shelley:

"A vengeful, pitiless and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,
The merciful and the avenging God
Who, prototype of human misrule, sits
High in heaven's realm upon a golden throne,
Even like an earthly king, and whose dread work,
Hell, gapes forever for the unhappy slaves
Of fate, whom He created in His sport,
To triumph in their torment when they fell."

It is no wonder that a brilliant, sensitive soul like Shelley's should have shrunk in horror from such a gross caricature of the god of love, the heavenly Father. Colonel Ingersoll tells us that he was alienated from the church by just such pictures of God and hell as that given by the poet, and we may readily believe him; for such preaching is well calculated to

make more sceptics than Christians. Theology has improved since Shelley's day; but still the fire-and-brimstone gospel is zealously, though more judiciously, preached to-day throughout large sections of the church. And so long as such preaching continues, so long will Ingersolls live and thrive. Only the real Heavenly Father — only a gospel of love can draw men into the church.

Shelley's reaction against the false theology of his day almost drove him into utter atheism. Indeed, the *Fairy* in "Queen Mab" is made to say, "There *is* no God." But the author explains in a note that "this negation must be understood solely to affect a *Creative Deity*. The hypothesis of a pervading spirit [he adds], co-eternal with the universe, remains unbroken." More plainly he says in the poem —

"Soul of the universe ! eternal spring
Of life and death, of happiness and woe,
Of all that checkers the plantasmal scene
That floats before our eyes in wavering light,
Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,
Whose chains and massy walls
We feel but cannot see !
Spirit of nature ! all sufficing Power !
Necessity, thou mother of the world !
Unlike the God of human error, thou
Requir'st no prayers or praises."

From this it is clear that our author held essentially the view of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that God is only another name for that Power in Nature from which all things proceed. Shelley believed that this Power was eternal, and operated according to necessary laws; he also believed, that the universe was eternal. "When reasoning is applied to the universe" he says, "it is necessary to prove that it was created; until that is clearly demonstrated, we may reasonably suppose that it has endured from all eternity. We must prove design, before we can infer a designer." Both of these facts have been proved since Shelley's day. First, geology has clearly shown that once this earth was "without form and void," and that it has been gradually formed into its present shape. It has not, indeed, shown that the matter or *stuff* out of which the world was formed was also created, but the gradual formation of the universe out of chaos, implies a Power endowed with some sort of intelligence capable of doing such a thing, and hence it is most rational to believe that the Power which formed the world, also created the materials used.

Then, secondly, the great law of evolution — that bugbear of theological fogysm — which has been so triumphantly established in our day, proves the *design* in nature that Shelley demanded. Even Professor Huxley frankly admits that the fundamental assumption of this law is that the development of Nature has been moving onward and upward to a definite goal from the beginning. While, therefore, we may no longer argue that God created the eye as the optician creates an eye-glass, yet we may argue that the production of a *germ capable of developing* into the eye is even more wonderful than the out-and-out formation of this organ in a moment's time.

Scientific theology has fully recognized the difficulties and absurdities attaching to the idea of God prevalent in Shelley's day, and still entertained by half informed minds. And were Shelley alive now he would find the leading theologians in the church insisting, with him, that God is the Infinite Spirit, pervading all Nature, and upholding it by the word of His power. Ay, we can heartily echo his words: —

“Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mightyspheres
Whose changeless paths through heaven's deep silence lie;
Soul of that smallest being
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint sun-gleam.

“Spirit of Nature!
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart.”

God in Nature and in Man! This is what the inspired Psalmist means when he exclaims in rapture: “O Lord, my God, Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment, and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain. He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. He sendeth the springs into the rivers, which run among the hills. He watereth the hills from above. The earth is filled with the fruits of thy work. He bringeth forth grain for the cattle and green herb for the service of men: that he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man; and oil to make him a cheerful countenance and bread to strengthen man's heart.” (Ps. 104.) God in man — or rather *man in God* — this is

what Saint Paul means when he says: "*In him live and move and have our being.*" God, therefore, is the Infinite and Eternal Spirit, who pervades and upholds all Nature; and "the music of the spheres," is simply the throbbing of His almighty heart.

Had such a god been presented to Shelley he would never have written "*Queen Mab*," he would not have been driven into the depths of mental agony and doubt, he would not have had his heart strings torn into shreds as they were; but he would have died an ardent worshipper of the God of love—the Heavenly Father—and an humble disciple of the lowly Nazarene. Do not infer from this, however, that I think that Shelley's idea of God was the New Testament idea, and that the theological doctrine of his day was alone false. I think that both his and the old theologians' views were false. He identified God and Nature, or rather he deified the Power which operates Nature, and attributed the character of an irresistible, irreversible *necessity* to its operations. His view did not differ essentially from that of Herbert Spencer and other philosophers in our day.

"Spirit of Nature!" he exclaims. "All sufficing power! Necessity, thou mother of the world!"

The truth in this view lies in its assertion that God is the Spirit that operates Nature; its falsity lies in its denial of free will and intelligence to this Spirit, and the assertion of a blind necessity as its chief attribute. On the other hand, the old theologians erred by *separating* God utterly from his works, placing Him far away outside of the universe in the dim regions of surrounding space, and attributing to Him the character of Man.

Now, modern scientific theology reconciles these two views by asserting that the Power which resides in and operates Nature is the Divine Will, which is guided by Infinite Intelligence and Eternal Love. It thus eliminates the machine-character which Shelley's conception of God involved, and also brings Him very nigh unto every one of us, so that in Him we live and move and have our being.

This idea of God would have satisfied Shelley, perhaps, better than his own adored "*Necessity*."

In the second place, I remark that Shelley rejected the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, and believed that our Lord was a mere man.

His words on this subject are peculiarly shocking, for though in one passage he places Jesus "in the foremost list of those true heroes who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, and have braved torture, contempt, and poverty in the cause of suffering humanity," yet, in a passage written at a later day, he says, "I have seen reason to suspect that Jesus was an *ambitious* man who aspired to the throne of Judea." This attack on the character of Jesus would not be made by even the most radical sceptics of our day. Even Colonel Ingersoll and M. Renan have paid the most glowing tributes to the character of the Master. But so many crimes have been committed in his name that we need not be surprised if occasionally a Shelley is found to doubt his moral perfection. This, however, will always be an exception, and the sceptic will deserve pity rather than censure.

The real difficulty which Shelley found in the doctrine of Christ's divinity lay not in any alleged moral defect of character, but rather in the magnitude of the universe, whose Spirit he considered God.

"The plurality of worlds," he says, "the indefinite immensity of the Universe, is a most awful subject of contemplation. The nearest of the fixed stars is inconceivably distant from the earth, and they are probably proportionably distant from each other. By a calculation of the velocity of light, Sirius is supposed to be at least 54,224,000,000,000 miles from the earth. That which appears only like a thin and silvery cloud,—the Milky Way,—streaking the heaven, is in fact composed of innumerable clusters of suns, each shining with its own light, and illuminating numbers of planets that revolve around them. Millions and millions of suns are ranged around us, all attended by innumerable worlds, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, all keeping the paths of immutable necessity. "It is impossible" he adds, "to believe that the Spirit that pervades this infinite machine, begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman." This is the very difficulty which Mr. Spencer experiences in the doctrine of the incarnation, indeed, which everyone observes, who believes in a God resident in Nature; and yet, Mr. Spencer himself gives us the key to a solution of the difficulty. He says, "The Power which manifests itself everywhere in Nature is the same which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." Very well, then; if our spirits proceed—flow forth

from the Spirit of Nature — if God begets *all* mankind, surely there is no difficulty in believing that He begat Jesus of Nazareth! On the contrary, this very doctrine of God as resident in Nature, makes belief in the Incarnation easy.

If he were, as the old theology taught, separated millions of millions of millions of miles from his world, and from us in particular; if he were simply a magnified man, seated on a golden throne away off in the dark regions of space surrounding this mighty universe; if he only occasionally stepped down to earth to make his creatures behave themselves,— then, indeed, we might find it hard to believe that this haughty monarch deigned to take upon himself the form of a Nazarene carpenter. But since he is very nigh us even about our bed, and about our path, since he is the “Spirit of Nature” everywhere present and active, so that not a sparrow falleth without his knowledge and permission, since he is “the Father of *all* spirits,” we not only find no difficulty in the doctrine of the Incarnation, but we are absolutely *forced* to accept it. According to this doctrine, it must be remembered, Jesus was *man* as well as God, he was divine on the one side, and human on the other, and his human spirit *must* have come from the same source from which our spirits come, viz., the Spirit of Nature.

The great difference between him and us, that which made him peculiarly the Son of God, was the fact that he was *perfect man*, he was the Holy One and the Just, and this moral perfection of Jesus is proved not only from his character as given in the New Testament, but also from the general law of evolution. According to this doctrine, there has been going on from the beginning a grand development of things from lower to higher planes. The *physical* side of this evolution reached completion in the human body, but the human soul was at first very imperfect. It struggled on, however, impelled by the infinite Spirit of Nature, until it finally reached *perfection* in Jesus of Nazareth, and then became the earnest, the promise of eternal glory to the human race,— the real son of God,— “God manifest in the flesh,” the Divine under the limitations of humanity.

I cannot but think that Shelley, were he alive to-day, would gladly accept this view of our Lord's divine character, and bow in humblest adoration before him; for I know many sceptics who thus believe in and worship him. At any rate,

we cannot blame Shelley for stumbling at the difficulties which the popular view of Christ involved, and instead of condemning him in unmeasured terms for his scepticism, we should try to remove the difficulties he found, so that coming generations may not be swept into the same awful whirlpool of scepticism. The great poet, and genius, and philanthropist has been long in the Silent Beyond; he has been judged by the Judge of all the earth, and so we may not condemn him harshly; we may rather hope that he who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, has dealt gently with his erring child, and has thus brought him back to that fold whence his blind fanatical disciples had driven him.

In the third place, we note that Shelley rejected the doctrines of *Adam's fall, of the atonement, and of an endless hell*. He says: "A book is put into our hands when children, called the Bible, the purport of whose history is briefly this:—

That God made the earth in six days, and then planted a delightful garden, in which He placed the first pair of human beings. In the midst of the garden He planted a tree, whose fruit although within their reach, they were forbidden to touch. That the devil, in the shape of a snake, persuaded them to eat of this fruit; in consequence of which God condemned both of them and their posterity yet unborn, to satisfy His justice by their eternal misery. That for four thousand years after these events (the human race in the mean time having gone unredeemed to perdition), God engendered with the betrothed wife of a carpenter in Judea, and begat a son, whose name was Jesus Christ; and who was crucified and died, in order that no more men might be devoted to hell-fire, he bearing the burden of his Father's displeasure by proxy. The book states, in addition, that the soul of whoever disbelieves this sacrifice will be "burned with everlasting fire." All this Shelley rejects with abhorrence, and there is no use in our crying "blasphemy," and refusing to look the difficulties here stated squarely in the face. Our author simply states the popular views of man's fall, the atonement, and hell in balder terms than others do; but his statement is not only true of the theology of his day, but it expresses the opinions of probably the majority of Christians of our own time. Scientific theology, however, effectually disposes of the difficulties in question, and gives us more rational and credible views. First of all,

it shows that the Eden, or Golden Age, of the human race is not in the past but in the future. It accepts the evolution of man from lower animal forms, and instead of the garden of Eden, it points to the wilds of southern Asia as the probable home of primitive man, who was a savage of a very low type, and who gradually struggled upward through the different stages of savagery, to his present high stage of civilization, which, however, is very far from perfect.

The stories of Eden and a Golden Age probably originated from the following facts: We know that the climate of different parts of the globe has at different times undergone great and sudden alterations, owing to geological changes, so that what was once a beautiful paradise has been converted into a waste howling wilderness. In explanation, therefore, of the stories of an Eden, or a Golden Age, we have only to suppose, that the early tribes of man originally dwelt happily together, like the beasts of the field, in some delightful spot, perhaps in Southern Asia, which owing to a great convulsion of the earth was finally either submerged under water or transformed into a land bringing forth thorns and thistles, so that man, who had hitherto basked in the glories of Paradise, was now forced to till the soil and earn his bread by the sweat of his face. It is believed by many scientists that man's primitive home lay in the region now covered by the waters of the Indian Ocean, and it was probably a very delightful spot,—a perfect Paradise as compared with the surrounding country. When, therefore, this section of the country was submerged by the ocean, man was necessarily driven forth to less hospitable regions. Hence he would naturally look back with longing eyes to that Eden from which he had been so cruelly expelled. Reflecting upon it, he would believe that the offended deity had driven him forth on account of his sin, because he had eaten some forbidden fruit, and thus we would get the numerous stories of Eden so prevalent in the ancient world.

This is about the way in which scientific theology treats the stories of the Golden Age, and if this treatment seem irrational to any, I would earnestly ask them to look more carefully into the subject, and they will be surprised to find how many facts support this view. Not only facts of primitive history unearthed from the ancient mounds in different part of the globe, and from the bowels of the earth, but Rev.

Canon Row, of England, has shown in his work on "Future Retribution," that the Bible itself disproves the popular ideas of man's fall and depravity. I cannot, for want of space, now state all those facts, but simply wish to show how scientific theology disposes of a difficulty which has puzzled many another besides a Shelley or an Ingersoll. In thus explaining the story of man's fall, however, it by no means disposes of man's *sin*. On the contrary, it emphasizes his sin and shows that he needs the Saviour just as much as if the old view of the fall were true.

Secondly. The theory of the Atonement, which Shelley refers to, is equally as false as the old idea of the Fall. Many, indeed, still hold that Christ bore the penalty or punishment due our sins, that he was *substituted* in our place, and bore the wrath of God. But the leading theologians of our day reject this view, and hold that God "so *loved* the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever should believe in him should not perish but have everlasting life." Christ, therefore, was sent into the world to reconcile man to God, to bring back the wandering prodigal to his Father's house, and this he did, first, by revealing that Father and His love to His children, and, secondly, by himself *obeying* that Father even unto death, and thus inspiring us with such love of the Father as to draw us unto Him. His sufferings on earth and his death were not a punishment for our sin, for God would not punish His innocent son, or allow him to be punished, but they were the necessary *consequences* of his undertaking to do God's will in this naughty world. It was not his suffering, therefore, that satisfied the Father; for God desireth no sacrifice, no physical or mental suffering, but it was Christ's *love* and *obedience* which satisfied God the Father. This is a view of Christ's Atonement, which Shelley would probably have accepted, and which satisfies the reason, the conscience, and the heart of man; and above all it is the real teaching of Holy Scripture.

Finally, the doctrine of an endless hell is gradually disappearing from theology; it can find no place in scientific theology; it is being rapidly relegated to the limbo of those superstitions which delight old women and frighten little children.

Arch-deacon Farrar and his numerous followers in the Episcopal Church, the Andover professors in the Congrega-

tional Church, and other eminent theologians have dealt this hydra-headed monster fatal blows, and he now lies stretched in the ashes of his native lake of fire and brimstone, never to rise again.

Of course, the doctrine of *retribution* remains. No one insists more earnestly than these divines that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Nay, "sow the wind and you will inevitably reap the whirlwind." "Sow an act, reap a habit." "Sow a habit, reap a character." "Sow a character, reap a destiny." It is as true as ever that our milleniums may depend upon our moments — indefinite ages of suffering and struggle may be required to wash away the soul-stains we have gotten during our short life on earth — so deep and lasting may they be. But the bottom has dropped out of that burning lake, which has hitherto scared us out of our wits.

We are now taught that "the virtue which has no better basis than the fear of hell is no virtue at all," and the gospel of love is gradually taking the place of the gospel of wrath. God is love — God is our Father — He knoweth whereof we are made — He remembereth that we are but dust, and so He will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss — His mercy endureth forever. As a father pitieth his children even so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. And what rational being does not fear the great Creator, and love the Heavenly Father?

Hence, Shelley's and Ingersoll's occupation will soon be gone, for the endless hell, the burning lake, will be no more.

Fourth. While Shelley did not express an opinion on *Biblical Criticism*, because that science was not then born, yet he did hold the view of the Prophecies, which many German critics to-day hold. He believed that Prophecy was either written *after* the event referred to, or was simply the result of an extraordinary, natural, human foresight. "Lord Chesterfield," he says, "was never yet taken for a prophet, even by a bishop, yet he uttered this remarkable prediction; 'The despotic government of France is screwed up to the highest pitch; a revolution is fast approaching; that revolution I am convinced will be radical and sanguinary.' This appeared in the letters of the prophet long before the accomplishment of this wonderful prediction." And so our author evidently thinks that the predictions of Israel's prophets that

Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, etc., would overthrow that nation, were not more wonderful than Chesterfield's prediction of the French Revolution. "The historical proof," he says, "that Moses, Isaiah, and Hosea wrote the Prophecies ascribed to them is far from being clear and circumstantial. Prophecy requires proof in its character as a miracle.

"We have no right to suppose that a man foreknew future events from God, until it is demonstrated that he neither could know them by his own exertions, nor the writings which contain the prediction could possibly have been fabricated after the event pretended to be foretold. It is more probable that writings pretending to divine inspiration should have been fabricated after the fulfilment of their pretended prediction than that they should have really been divinely inspired."

Many, even among moderate critics, admit that some of the Prophecies may have been written after the events referred to — the authorship of Daniel, the second part of Isaiah, etc., is uncertain — that no more inspiration was required to predict certain events in Israelite history than was necessary to predict the French Revolution, and that many of the Messianic Prophecies applied primarily to events in or near the time of the prophet. Indeed, there is a strong disposition to eliminate as far as possible the *predictive* element in prophecy altogether, and to consider it what it was — *preaching*.

The sermons then, of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, and the rest become very instructive and practically helpful to us.

A great change has come over Biblical interpretation since Shelley's time. The Bible is no longer regarded by the best theologians as a *verbally* inspired, a *literally* infallible Book, but it is considered the *record*, simply, of a progressive revelation of God to Israel divinely adapted to the hard heart, the dull understanding and the slow development of that stiff-necked people; and so considered we are not troubled by the slight imperfections which puzzled our fathers and still torment some of their children. The Bible, in spite of verbal inaccuracies and historical discrepancies, and even moral defects, remains the greatest and most valuable piece of ancient literature — the veritable Word of God as distinguished from the words of man.

Fifth. Shelley rejected *miracles*. He adopted David

Hume's opinions on this subject. "A miracle," he said, "is an infraction of nature's law by a supernatural cause,—by a cause acting beyond that eternal circle within which all things are included."

This definition depends for its correctness upon the erroneous idea of God prevalent in Shelley's day, which placed him *outside* of His universe. When we think of Him as the "Spirit of Nature," who produces *every* event, we then think of a miracle, not as an infraction of Nature's law, but simply as an extraordinary operation of the Divine Will that created and sustains all things—an operation along the lines of though on a higher plane than that along which the Divine Will usually operates.

Thus the cures which Jesus wrought were simply higher manifestations of that Power which heals all diseases, especially mental maladies.

The birth of Jesus was due to an extraordinary operation of "the Lord and Giver of *all* life,"—and the resurrection was the manifestation of Christ's Spirit from the Spirit-world such as is *possible* in other cases, but happened in his because he was the chosen Son of God to bring life and immortality to light.

Thus we see how easy it is to think of a miracle as *not* "an infraction of Nature's law" when we think of that law as simply an expression of the Divine Will resident in Nature.

"Miracles," continues Shelley, "resolve themselves into the following question: Whether it is more probable the laws of Nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should have undergone violation, or that a man should have told a lie? Whether it is more probable that we are ignorant of the natural cause of an event, or that we know the supernatural one? That in old times, when the powers of Nature were less known than at present, a certain set of men were themselves deceived, or had some hidden motive for deceiving others," or that God should violate His laws? "We have many instances of men telling lies,—none of an infraction of Nature's laws. The records of all nations afford innumerable instances, of men deceiving others, either from vanity, or interest, or themselves being deceived by the limitedness of their views, and their ignorance of natural causes."

This is a strong statement of Hume's view of miracles,

which many apologists to-day claim has been often refuted, but as we find Huxley, Ingersoll, and others re-asserting it, with additional facts to support it, we may not ignore it. First, then, it is said that the fundamental error of this argument is its assumption that the laws of Nature are *immutable*. This is the very point to be proved, and Canon Mozley, Canon Row, and other able apologists, nay, even Professor Huxley, Tyndall, Renan, etc., have shown that the phrase, "laws of Nature" is simply a *statement of the order in which events are observed to occur*; that miracles, therefore, are quite *possible*. But the real force of Shelley's and Hume's contention lies in their assertion that the reporters of the miracles "may have been ignorant of the natural causes of the said miracles;" and so they may have been deceived into the belief that they were due to a non-natural or a supernatural cause. *Intentional* deception on the part of the New Testament writers is not now asserted by even radical sceptics. The issue is thus clearly forced upon us. It is no longer a question of the *possibility* of miracles, for science grants any and all sorts of possibilities, but it is a question of the *trustworthiness of the reports of the miracles*. Nearly all apologists devote themselves to the easy task of showing that miracles are possible; but what earnest thinking minds want to know is who wrote the accounts of miracles, when were they written, and are they trustworthy? And there is no possibility of dodging this issue.

It is further claimed and that rationally, that common sense demands that *an extraordinary event should be proved by an extraordinary amount of evidence*.

Such is the issue, but I can simply express my opinion on this great subject, and ask the reader to believe that it is the result of much earnest study. First, then, most of the miracles our Lord wrought were "healings," and I find no more difficulty in accepting them than I do in accepting the extraordinary mental cures so familiar to medical science. Secondly, there are three instances of the raising of the dead recorded in the Gospels, viz.: the widow of Nain's son, Jairus' daughter, and Lazarus. In the case of the second, the account itself says the girl "was not dead but asleep," *i. e.*, in a swoon.

The other instances are found in writings whose authorship and date are so uncertain that not much importance can

be attached to them, but they *may have been cases of suspended animation*, like the other, which the simple minded narrators mistook for resurrections from the dead. Third, the Nature miracles, stilling the storm on the lake, feeding the five and the four thousand, etc., *owing to their uncertain authorship*, cannot be accepted by a critical mind.

Possibly, however, the stilling of the tempest may have occurred, and it may have coincided with a prayer of Jesus.

Fourth, the stories of the birth of Jesus are wholly untrustworthy, for no one knows who wrote them, and even Coleridge admitted that they were not known to Saint Paul and Saint John, and he considered them worthless. One may reject them, and yet believe in the divine character of our Lord, for surely the birth and character of a being are two different facts and questions.

In the present case, the marvellous stories of the birth are too ungentle to believe, whereas the character of our Lord is established by unquestionable evidence. Finally, the resurrection of Christ according to Saint Paul's account in 1 Cor. xv., an unquestioned narrative, is quite credible. From it we may conclude that Jesus appeared in spirit to his apostles and disciples after his death, and all the details in the Gospels about the guarded tomb, the body, the eating fish, etc., are later additions to the primitive Pauline account.

Now, while many think that we thus sacrifice the essence of Christianity, we do nothing of the kind. We simply present a more rational and credible view of the miracles, remove all the objections or difficulties which troubled Shelley, and trouble others to-day, make due allowance for possible exaggerations in the accounts of these miracles, at the *same time preserving their real substance*. At any rate, some such view of the miracles must be adopted, or minds like Shelley's cannot and will not accept them, but will drift away into utter disbelief, whereas they might be saved and brought into the church. It is all nonsense to say that such men are influenced by "intellectual pride" or moral depravity, for they are often, like Darwin, the humblest and purest of men. It is because the *evidence* adducible in support of certain wonderful events is entirely too weak to prove them to any unbiased, judicial, and critical mind, that they refuse to believe. Those learned and good men who accept these events in spite of the weakness of the evidence have been unable to break away

from the thralldom of *early education*. Owing to this, the facts appealed to have more weight with them than with minds that have risen superior to their environment and early education. Both classes are honest in their convictions and should be mutually charitable and respected.

Finally, Shelley held a view of the *Church*, or Christianity quite prevalent in our day. "Analogy seems to favor the opinion," he says, "that as, like other systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented, so, like them, it will decay and perish." . . . "Had the Christian religion," he adds, "commenced and continued by the mere force of reasoning and persuasion, the preceding analogy would be inadmissible."

This is quite a popular opinion now, even among eminent philosophers. But while we may admit, with Mr. Spencer, that *Ecclesiastical Institutions* may be radically modified and changed in the future, yet we may believe that the *Christian Religion* will never perish.

Shelley thinks that if it had been founded on *reason* and *persuasion*, it would endure. No! If Christianity rested on the vaporings of human reason, it would most surely perish, as the different Schools of Philosophy do, but it rests on a much firmer foundation, viz., a *Divine Life*. As long as the grand character of our Master remains, so long will his religion endure, and scepticism admits that that character "will never be surpassed" (Renan). As long as that Life holds its inspiration and attraction, as long as hearts ache and souls are burdened, as long as the poor cry and the rich oppress, as long as man yearns for a heavenly Father and a future life, in a word, as long as the religion of Christ meets the deep wants of the human soul as it did those of a Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas à Kempis, and the noble army of martyrs of nineteen centuries, so long will it endure; thank God!

We thus see that the problems of life and death are the same in all ages, and I trust we also see, that if we would solve those problems for the Shelleys of different periods, we must take cognizance of facts which many good men try to ignore.

I know of nothing sadder than the way in which these men treat the difficulties of men like Shelley. Indeed, without intending it, they do all in their power to drive such brilliant and sensitive souls to utter doubt. Let them, then,

think on these things; let them put themselves in the place of these earnest sceptics and realize their difficulties, and me-thinks that they will be fully aroused to an attempt to help such men.

Do not infer from all this that I indorse Shelley — far from it! He may have been influenced by a young man's conceit and presumption when he wrote "Queen Mab;" he undoubtedly was unreasonable in his denunciation of kings and politicians, although they deserved much he said of them; his view of marriage is damnable and dangerous sentimentalism,— but with all his faults he deserves more pity than censure, more applause than hisses.

With Frederick Robertson we exclaim, "Poor, poor Shelley! all that he knew of Christianity was as a system of exclusion and bitterness, which was to drive him from his country; all he knew of the God of the Bible was the picture of a bloody tyrant, gloating in blood, and making His horrible decree the measure of right and wrong, instead of right and wrong the ground of His decree. . . . I grieve that I cannot call Shelley a Christian. There are frantic ravings in his book, which no Christian can justify; wild, vague music, as of an Æolian harp, inarticulate and unmeaning, breathed as a hymn to the spirit of Nature, intellectual beauty, and so forth; maddest schemes and fastidious sensitiveness respecting marriage and man's granivorous nature; a fibre of insanity in his brain. Yet I cannot help feeling that there was a spirit in poor Shelley's mind which might have assimilated with the spirit of his Redeemer,— nay, which I will dare to say was kindred with that spirit, if only his Redeemer had been differently imaged to him. Let who will denounce Shelley, I will not. I will not brand with atheism the name of one whose life was one dream of enthusiastic, however impracticable, philanthropy. I will not say that a man who by his opposition to God, means opposition to a demon, is an enemy of God. To such a man I only reply, "You are blaspheming a devil. That is not the God I adore, you are not my enemy. Change the *name*, and I will bid that *character* defiance with you."

WHAT IS IMMORAL IN LITERATURE?

BY ALBERT ROSS.

WE are in the midst of an era of sham. We do not care so much that vice exists as that it be well dressed. The nude in painting has had its fight for life on this side of the Atlantic, until it is not only permitted but admired and encouraged. The nude in literature is on its trial. At the present date it is not appreciated in certain very wise circles. More than that, it is liable to confiscation and destruction. Societies make it their business to act as judge, jury, and executioner upon the appearance of any book which they do not like. Their agents scan its pages, or it may be a part of them, and order an *auto-da-fé*. The unlucky maker or seller of such books is liable not merely to lose his property but his liberty as well, if the tribunal before which he is brought is as ignorant as it is liable to be on a matter of this kind.

A person accused of crime of any sort — and certainly one charged with the high offense of having shocked such a literary taste as prevails in our day — should have a right, according to the fiction that underlies our institutions, to a trial by a jury of his peers. This does not mean that accused grocers are to be tried by grocers exclusively, or that bakers are to be brought before bakers to determine their guilt, or that murderers are to demand that twelve murderers shall sit in judgment on their assassinations. It does mean, however, that ignorance shall not convict intelligence: that men whose knowledge of literature is confined to the *Farmers' Almanac* and the *Sunday School Advocate* (and I speak respectfully of both publications) shall not say that Balzac and Dumas and Tolstoï are indictable.

If a hundred men and women, selected for their unquestioned literary abilities and upright lives, were to be asked the question, "What is Immoral in Literature?" how widely their opinions would vary! If the latest realistic products

of the printing press were handed to them for a critical analysis, a certain percentage of them would discover reeking impropriety where the others would see nothing worthy of comment. We are not all gifted with equal pruriency of mind. There are paintings in the great galleries of the world in which one set of men will see glorious beauties and another only the naked forms of women. Some people have inherited or acquired tendencies that warp their judgment. I have heard of a lady who was always thrown into convulsions at the sight of a rose. A similar effect is produced in others by the lifting of one particle of drapery from the hooped and crinolined female character in the sombre English novel of the period.

Jurors are sometimes asked, "Have you a prejudice against capital punishment?" It will soon be time to ask them, "Have you an inborn hatred of natural things? Do you object on all occasions to the telling of the truth? Is it, in your opinion, the chief mission of the novel to misrepresent?"

We all know very well that intelligent people are no more agreed about what they shall read than about what they shall wear or where they shall attend church. Who shall decide better in each case than the one most interested? We do not have to go back very far in history to find the State dictating both the attire and the religious instruction of its subjects. An over-governed people will soon cry out loudly in defense of its right to read what it pleases and form its own judgment as to what is good for it. How does the agent of a society that decides to "suppress" a book know any more whether it should be suppressed than a hundred thousand others who are waiting for the opportunity to purchase it?

It would seem, according to some notions, that it is almost as wicked to write of sin as to be guilty of it — that is, if the sin be of a particular kind. We are told that ten commands were given to Moses. I might write novels based on a violation of nine of them, and no one would question my right to take any view I pleased. It is the other one, the one that inculcates chastity, that makes all the trouble when introduced into literature. And there are more things than are mentioned in the decalogue of which I can write in any way I choose. I have read such glowing descriptions of the

delights of opium smoking, that I had half a mind to take my way to the nearest "joint" and ascertain for myself if they were not overrated. I have read the lives of successful thieves, surrounded with such a halo that any boy might be pardoned for adopting robbery as his profession. I have read often, and so have we all, of the successful wheedling of a rich man into a loveless marriage. These are the things that are really immoral in literature, and yet no society would dream of interfering with author or publisher. All the shafts of the professional "suppressors" are kept for the writer who gets on the thin ice where men and women love "not wisely but too well."

And yet there is nothing in fiction that affords such opportunities as the love that goes astray. Most of the really great novels of the world have had this for their ruling motive. "Les Miserables," the greatest of all fiction it seems to me, is the story of a grisette and her illegitimate child. Where else is Scott so effective as in his "Heart of Midlothian," that pathetic tale of seduction and abandonment? What American novel is more beautiful than "The Scarlet Letter"? The peerless George Eliot causes our tears to fall for the woes of Hetty Sorrel, and thrills us with the spectacle of Mrs. Transome standing convicted before her son. Dickens gives us Little Em'ly and Martha, while his Smike, Hugh, and many more are born out of wedlock. What have we had in recent years that can surpass "The Story of an African Farm," in which the principal character becomes an unwedded mother? Even Howells, the delicate, soft-stepping favorite of the parlors, cannot quite let the subject alone, and Harold Frederic, perhaps the most promising of our younger writers, has given us his sinning and repentant "Lawton Girl."

It is hardly necessary to say that I do not favor the permission of a single printed line of *obscenity*. These are things about which we should all agree and they need not be discussed here. Men should be allowed to select their clothing, but they must not go about the streets undressed. When one attempts that form of pedestrianism, he is very promptly and properly arrested. No book can reach a large circulation in this country simply from the fact that it is unchaste. A score of volumes of that kind have made their appearance within the past few years, and have fallen so per-

fectly flat that they were not even brought to the attention of the suppression societies. If a story is bright enough to secure the imprint of a respectable publisher, if it is unobjectionable enough to find a place on the counters of a thousand dealers, it may safely be trusted to the American people.

In this country we cannot regulate everything by law. A bottle of beer or wine is the daily portion of many who believe they are leading correct lives, while the mere mention of those beverages causes a chill to permeate the spinal column of other equally honest persons. So is it with literature. One will rave over the "Poems of Passion" of Mrs. Wilcox, and draw the line at the "Transaction in Hearts" of Mr. Saltus. Another will find — as he ought — the highest morality in "Thou Shalt Not," and be shocked beyond measure at "Moths." Let each one decide, Mr. Suppressor. You cannot make your judgment do for theirs.

While believing firmly that nothing but the greatest exigency should permit any official to interfere with the sale or publication of a book, I will say that, if such interference is ever to take place, one rule should be followed. If the State can say that a novel is not to be sold or printed within its borders, or carried in its mails, that novel should be judged not by a word, a line, or an incident, but by its general lesson and tendency. I have in my mind at this instant two totally different books. In one of them there is detailed nothing but the successful, the always successful, amours of a young Lothario, a heartless, despicable, thoroughly unworthy fellow, who ends his career of vice by marrying the daughter of one of his victims. You might search its pages in vain for a good lesson. In the other it is taught that all the efforts of a young woman toward an honorable livelihood must come to naught, and that her only refuge worth seeking is in the arms of a husband. Both of these books might do serious harm to certain persons, at certain times. They give improper views of life, and they are not true to nature. The shops are full of others just like them in that respect, and yet I think the State would make a nice mess of it if it tried to better them.

Last autumn a New York society, supposed to be organized for the purpose of improving the morals of the metropolis,

seized from a prominent wholesale house a number of novels, and took the manager, a gentleman of the highest respectability, before a police magistrate. It is true that the grand jury dismissed the case with promptness, and that several judges have since declined to issue warrants in other cases to the prosecutors; but these acts were done under color of law, and no author can say when his works may be subjected to a similar outrage. In the list of books taken, there were copies of one of Balzac's best, that has long been issued by a Boston house that prides itself on its purity; that one of Tolstoï's, the forbidding of which to the mails had drawn the derision of the world upon the Postmaster-General a short time before; one by the younger Dumas, whose standing in the literary field certainly needs no defence from me; and three by the author of this article.

I cannot better sketch in a few words my idea of what is moral in literature than by a brief allusion to the books of my own that were included in this seizure. One of them, "Thou Shalt Not," has had a sale of 150,000 copies in less than two years, and is familiar to most regular novel readers. What is the story? It is a tale of a roué, who made a great deal of money under the Tweed régime, and lived an unchaste life until his accidental acquaintance with a pure woman taught him to preach and practice the virtues he had till then despised. In the first hundred pages I have, it is true, drawn back the pendulum to its full limit, in order to give it the requisite swing when released. And what a swing it is! Every moral lapse is followed by the direst retribution, and at the close my unhappy hero seeks death rather than a possible return to the life he once led so joyously. It is a terrible arraignment of unchastity. I know of men in whose careers it has wrought a complete reformation. It teaches that the sister or the daughter of another should be as sacred as our own.

I say again that a book cannot be judged by a word or a phrase. I have heard of a man who opened this one at random, and chanced to fall upon the passage detailing the creeping of Greyburn at night into the chamber where Clara Campbell slept, upon which he threw the volume down and read no further. Would he have passed judgment on a painting by seeing a square inch of its canvass? If not, he had no right to judge my book by half a page of its contents. Had

he read a few lines more, he would have found that the man was vanquished by the unarmed purity of the girl, and that, as he stole guiltily down the stairs, she fell on her knees in prayer. Has a novelist no right to draw a picture of this kind? Another person selected this as the most objectionable paragraph in the novel:—

“One evening I went out on the streets, with the last dime we had in the world, to buy as usual a morsel of food for our breakfast. A man accosted me. I was desperate. After midnight I crept back to my room like a frightened criminal. He was asleep! In the morning, when he awoke (for I never closed my own eyes) I showed him money, expecting that he would rave and cry. And he never said a word!”

Is it not laughable that any one should object to such a paragraph? Admitting that these things should be told at all, I will challenge the whole army of critics to tell it more delicately. And should such things be told? Undoubtedly. The only possible question is the effect on the reader. Does the narration incite him to vice? No, it fills him with indignation. His sympathies are where they ought to be,—with the injured woman. I say it is within the province of the novelist to portray a dastard in his most effective colors. Some namby-pamby scribbler, who has in his time published a book that stopped with its first edition, or some prudish old maid of either sex, whose views of life have been obtained from a back window, may differ from me. The great majority of novel readers know that I am right.

The second book of mine that was seized is called “Speaking of Ellen.” Nineteen-twentieths of it is a plea for a fairer distribution of the earnings of labor, and the rest tells how the beautiful humanity of the heroine brought a sister out of concubinage into wifehood. I can only suppose the agent of the society had never read it. The novel has earned me the commendation of thoughtful men and women, both here and in England; and I am prouder of having written it than of any other act of my life. The third book is a tale of the ruin that an unscrupulous woman brought upon two totally different men.

Nothing is so unsafe, in an alleged free country as to permit interference, on any light pretext, with a free press. What is agreeable to one may be offensive to another, but that

gives no excuse for police regulation. I am willing to confess that I have seen posters in New York that annoyed me. There are always photographs of women, and of prominent women, too, in Broadway windows, that pass the limits of my ideas of propriety. One cannot escape these things, as he can the book he does not want. They assail his eyes before he has time to avoid them. There have been at least two plays here this winter, and at most respectable houses, to which I would not care to take a lady. They were full of indelicate allusions and suggestive by-play, and yet they were presented by as reputable actors and actresses as we have, and they were popular enough to make long runs. I saw women of undoubted character applauding each bright, wicked expression of the brilliant dramatists as freely — indeed, rather more so, than their masculine escorts. I am not surprised that the professional conservators of morality find themselves puzzled where to draw the line. And I really wonder that they have never hit upon the excellent plan of letting everybody make the decision for himself.

“But the children,” somebody is waiting to say.

Why should children interfere with the making of books any more than with the manufacture of powder? Brandy is not good for children, but it has its uses for their elders, and it is kept out of their way. Tobacco is injurious to a child, but to the grown man it is often a boon and a solace. Children should be guided in their reading as they necessarily are in other things. It must be a very dull library that has not some books in it that children ought not to read. It is a delicate question whether certain religious works are good food for the growing brain of a child. I have read somewhere that the Jews did not give all of their Scriptures to their young men until they were thirty years old. Even the daily newspaper is liable to contain things that set the thoughts of bright children into undesirable channels, as I once had occasion to note. It is evident that we should have a very silly literature if we limited it to what is adapted to the needs and comprehension of infants.

The reading public is broadening in its ideas. It is but a little while ago that women of refinement were afraid to admit that they had read certain books, which they now discuss with the utmost freedom and, I believe, to their benefit. The

time is near at hand when a real morality in literature will take the place of the sham we have had so long. In that day the novelist will not fear to discuss anything of public interest, if by so doing he can awaken thought. It is not revelation that is dangerous, but silence. It gives me pleasure to believe that I have done something toward hastening that better time, by portraying things as they are, in the face of severe criticism and misconception.

THE UNCLASSIFIED RESIDUUM. A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

BY C. VAN D. CHENOWETH.

THE richness of human thought, and the poverty of human expression! That old complaint of poet and of painter, of lover and of sage. A thought, instinct with divinity, is imprisoned in the rude device of speech, or chained to the page by the hieroglyphics of language, and we shudder to find that only the grosser part of the conception has thus been held captive, as we pass it despairingly to a friend, or sow it broadcast for the reading multitude.

The brush seizes some vision of genius, and, maimed and distorted, it struggles upon the canvas.

The austere chisel labors to fix it upon the unyielding stone, and leaves only enough of it there, alas! to make us weep above our immeasurable loss, in that which fled affrighted from before the clumsy artifice.

Music, perhaps, catches and conveys it with something less of reckless waste, through the sensitive ear, to the waiting soul.

Is this the end, then?

Is the human intelligence never to receive the human thought in pristine freshness? Must it still labor to reach us by way of tongue and book, picture, statue, or organ tone?

The poets, who have ever stood, watchman-like, upon the outer walls of human possibility, long since prophesied of better days to come.

And now at last, Science, argus-eyed, patient, steadfast, with one cautious eye fixed upon Poesy, and ninety and nine upon her scales and crucibles, her theories and tests, murmurs under her breath, "A clue, a clue!" then shrinks, alarmed lest she be harassed with flippant questions; or, which is more to the purpose, lest her clue prove too frail and fine for the sturdy grasp of the pioneer, over the dim, vast, untrodden way.

The poets are, in the main, trustworthy seers. And they have told us that there is a condition of sensitiveness conceivable, in which the emotions of the thinker may serve as the perfect vehicle for his thought.

Very good. Here is clearly a great gain over present methods.

This prophecy, arrived at fruition, will admit of a brooding silence over the great audience, while the orator, dependent no longer upon the medium of language, conveys to the attentive intelligences before him, unerringly, his glowing thoughts.

No waste now, and no toying with words to shield the reluctant, too honest sentiment. The chances for misapprehension are reduced to the minimum, and at last, indeed, "As the man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

But fancy the rude interpreter, speech, quite set aside; and a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Saint Paul, thus radiating his immortal visions before a comprehending people!

Wordsworth says:—

"Words are but under-agents in such souls as these;
When they are grasping in their greatest strength,
They do not breathe among them."

It were only a more stupendous fancy to exclude the flesh — what we call the senses — from all seeming part in the *rapport*, and to receive the soul-satisfying thoughts unhindered, from England, Italy, Greece, or Paradise.

To triumph over the senses, without external aid, and over that stubborn obstacle, Space, would tax very distinctly indeed the portion of our being which we like to think of as immortal.

To know that this may be done were fresh earnest of immortality.

Nay, it would cheapen at last the jealous secrecy of that awful change which we call Death.

Science has already shown herself finely independent when she places two friends, three thousand miles apart, at the two ends of the wire stretched out between them, and bids them talk. Her next step is simply to *remove the wire*. How easy it sounds!

Psychology, daughter of Science, took note not long since of one arrived in a strange city, who forsook the only spot familiar, and scourged and driven to obedience by the im-

perious thought, stepped into the coach of a distant hotel, the very name of which was hitherto unknown to her, to find upon arrival at the hotel the friend dearest of all, who had not counted upon this welcome coming, but who had been directing most earnest longing to their anticipated meeting a day later, — elsewhere.

The untutored murmurs, "Fortunate coincidence!" the watchman upon the tower says plainly, "How unskilful! What a waste of nerve power was involved in that resistance to the awkwardly delivered knowledge concerning her friend's whereabouts! And upon both sides, how stupid not to be conscious of the nearness!"

A lovely woman lay ill in her darkened chamber. A furniture van drove up, and a mirror which had been ordered was carried into her parlor upon the floor below. Presently the invalid called to her nurse faintly, "Chollar's men are downstairs, and the mirror they have brought is too short. Let some one tell them it cannot do, and that another one must be made." The nurse, who naturally knew not what was going on outside of the sick chamber, hesitated, thought of delirium, then went herself, half dazed, upon the errand. The men, quite out of hearing, of course, as well as out of sight, were found standing perplexed over their measurements, and the unfortunate result, with the mirror unquestionably too short.

A mother sat upon her shaded piazza, occupied with sewing, and in conversation with her son, who an hour before had walked with his sister to the door of Christ Church Rectory, where the little girl attended school. "Loulie, dear!" exclaimed the mother with concern, turning slightly, and gazing in the doorway. "What is the trouble, that has brought you home?" "To whom are you speaking, mother?" asked the lad of sixteen, turning also toward the vacant doorway. "To your sister. Step into the house, please, and ask if she is ill." "Did you see her, mother?" "Certainly, I did. She stopped in the doorway, and is looking pale." A search failed to discover Loulie, and the youth, to quiet his mother's anxiety, hurried up to the rectory to learn whether his sister had returned there, since neither mother nor son now doubted her recent presence at home.

Loulie sat in her usual place, with one little hand bound

up in her pocket handkerchief. She had cut it with her penknife a while before; the blood had flowed somewhat freely, and she was still a trifle pale from the fright. But Loulie had not left her schoolroom.

Once more. In the days of our Civil War, a young officer was called by telegraph from his post at Nashville, upon the staff of the General commanding, to attend the funeral of his father, a clergyman in a neighboring State. Death had come swiftly, and had taken the godly man while upon his knees at prayer. Again and again the young man, said while on his homeward way, "I cannot take this in. I cannot realize this home going which will meet with no welcome from my father." In the gray dawn of the following morning, in his own familiar chamber in his father's house, he reached out a cautious hand, and placed it upon that of his wife, inquiring softly whether she were awake. "Do you see the various objects about the room unmistakably?" he asked, upon receiving her assurance. The light was sufficient for this. Everything was distinctly visible, and she said so. "Look now to your left, near the door which leads into the hall, and tell me what you see." She did as she was desired, but saw nothing unusual. "Can it be possible?" whispered the young man eagerly, lifting himself to his elbow, and bringing his eyes within the like range of vision with that of his wife. "Is it possible you do not see that?" again he asked in perplexity; then laid his head back upon his own pillow and continued to gaze in the direction indicated, with blessed satisfaction upon his countenance. When he spoke again, it was to say, with a sigh, that the vision of comfort had faded, but that for half an hour, as nearly as he could judge, he had been gazing upon his father's face, natural as in life. "And he gave me the old dear smile of welcome," said the bronzed young soldier, who had been living amid the grim realities of war through the three last hurrying years, amid stern fact which transcended the power of his imagination at many a point.

The foregoing illustrations are such as may be readily matched in the experience of many, and to my knowledge are trustworthy, through intimacy with those participating.

Doubtless the philosophy of an earlier day would carelessly explain them away, somewhat after this manner: — That a

sudden trick of fancy carried the rather timid traveller aside from the hotel which she knew, to a more distant, and wholly strange one;—with a singularly fortunate result. That the superfineness of the sick sense detected the arrival of the furniture wagon, which provoked the recollection of the order for the mirror. Following this came the reasonable desire that the vacant place in the drawing room should be worthily filled, and the natural conjecture, of course,—of disappointment. That the tender mother upon the piazza was misled by the flutter of some irrelevant garment, which stirred her quick imagination through her maternal anxiety;—and resulted in a third clever guess. And that the young army officer, sensitized by his bereavement, was the victim of a simple, optical illusion, so called, in which no trace of dual agency is discoverable.

Now the instance of the mirror is a very humble example, taken from the experience of a large-natured, clear-souled woman; a most successful educator, who has found her supersensitiveness to be of inestimable value, in dealing with the pupils committed to her care. A young lady is missing from her accustomed place; an offence comes to light, which no one has been willing to acknowledge; there are doubts touching the utter loyalty of some teacher in her employ; and a consequent dread of small seeds of dissension sown unawares. The instances are too numerous to mention, in which this justice-loving woman has succeeded, by a certain process of concentrated thought, in placing herself within touch of the incipient trouble. The missing young lady is told privately that she was out of place, and where. She admits the fact with regret, and promises to do better. The pretty offender is singled out unerringly from the group of blameless girls, and personally admonished; while the thoughtless assistant receives unquestionable evidence of her unwise conduct, and promises amendment.

My friend is not always successful in her efforts to ascertain, without awkward questions, the matter which she ought to know; but is so, often enough, to give her strong confidence in her power to govern, with little dread of unfair suspicion, or unjust censure. She has made of discipline a fine art, and her teaching is a poem.

Returning for a moment to my first, second, and fourth illustrations; the most superficial examination discloses the

analogy between them, in that they were all the spontaneous outgrowth of sympathy. That *wireless* connection, for which psychology is searching, had been manifestly established, and, however imperfectly, still gives earnest of the possibility of clearer communication when intelligent investigation has learned to overcome existing obstacles.

Oriental patience and skill long since found out the way; for it is not to be doubted that the baffling "Secret Mail," of India, is simply a clever system of mental telegraphy.

The earlier civilizations recognized, and revered, the intuitional power of man, and psychical knowledge was more perfectly formulated by the scholars of Egypt, India, and Greece, than was physical. But in the astounding advancement which has been made in purely physical science, the more delicate matters of the soul have been neglected, the fine touch of an earlier day is forgotten, and we beat about clumsily in our effort to deal with soul and spirit.

The statements to which our ignorance cannot yet find the key, we call superstition, or unholy magic, and easily class all which relates to experimental psychology among the novel and sensational attractions of the hour. With the key in hand it will all be taken up at a great advance over anything that has gone before. Let me return once more to my apparently accidental illustrations of intuitional power.

The woman turned aside from her chosen and familiar route at the powerful call of the love which pined for her presence, made herself blind and deaf to all else *beside* the call, and her obedient feet carried her straightway to the presence of the beloved.

I instance here two strong and finely tempered natures, singularly in harmony one with the other, and utterly simple, and unspoiled in their reverential love. The case cited is one of many in their experience; and yet when death separated these two, their conscious communion ceased.

The woman's faith, which had been so splendidly dominant when both were in the flesh, quailed before the awful mystery of Death, and refused to bear her beyond the border-land. But for this, she avers, there would be a finer sequel to her loving. One is fain to believe her.

The mother, who felt harm to her child upon a distant street, and who responded at once to Loulie's frightened cry for comfort, as the blood flowed from the ugly cut, was a woman

who was made wretched her life long, through her impressionable nature. With some scientific knowledge of her psychic gifts, and some fair training thereof, those who knew her most intimately feel that she must have developed unusual powers.

The young soldier, whose love and longing restored to him for a space the countenance of his father, so lifelike in each particular that the son never found himself able to doubt for a moment the dual character of the experience, was a college-bred, war-seasoned, world-trained man, whose deliberate and thoughtful testimony goes for much.

It is a noteworthy fact, which strikes agreeably the frugal side of human nature, that Science, through one of her hand-maidens, now casts a protecting arm about just such psychological waifs as these, and places them in pound, so to speak, with a chance for their lives, upon definite proof of their value.

And here they wait, known comprehensively, if somewhat irresponsibly, as the "Unclassified Residuum," — a brilliant and suggestive bit of nomenclature.

Imagination is taxed by the conception of *rapport* between two, although a thing by no means unknown, while the loftiest ascription we can make to Deity is that of a perfect *rapport* with the Universe. Language endeavors to indicate this idea, by means of such words as Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent.

Christianity beautifully expresses the relationship of oneness between God and man, in many a text of comfort.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." St. John xiv. 23.

"Abide in me, and I in you." St. John v. 4.

"In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." St. John xiv. 20.

"For they are thine; and all things that are mine are thine; and thine are mine." St. John xvii. 10.

"Holy Father, keep them in thy name that they may be one, even as we are." St. John xvii. 11.

"That they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us." St. John xvii. 20.

Christianity is buoyant with this promise of oneness. The

dreamy mysticism of the East is laden with the hope of it, a promise and a hope, which taxes, and which represents, the supremest effort of the soul.

Upon the merely human plane, an open avenue of communication between two may mean so much, or so very little. When its field is limited to reading correctly the spots upon a chosen card, or to locating the hidden key or ring, one smiles, gives gentle applause with a murmur of "Clever, indeed," and privately questions, "To what purpose is all this?"

But when Love calls authoritatively over a thousand miles:—"Your work is wearing you out, and you are working at a frightful disadvantage. Pray drop the worry over your publisher, and kindly remove to a sleeping apartment some twenty feet farther from the ground, or I shall be obliged to leave my duties here, and come to nurse you through impending illness," there is no applause, and certainly the pertinent question, "To what purpose is all this?" does not arise.

Your wife, mother, sister, or friend is in that sublime condition of duality with yourself, which renders you two far more present one to the other, than are those who are simply face to face; and her warning message comes to you as timely, over the thousand intervening miles, and carries with it all the emphasis of love's dear authority.

Precisely what psychical conditions are necessary, in order to admit of the easy transfer of unuttered thought between two, are, I believe, nowhere definitely stated. At least they are no more clearly formulated than are the reasons for emotional affection.

It may be supposed, however, that profound sympathy, and an utter willingness upon both sides, constitute the strong beginning of this singular development; and that the attainment of any considerable degree of skill involves prolonged and laborious effort.

There can hardly be a differing opinion with regard to the general desirableness of such developments, under existing conditions of humanity.

Few natures are large enough, honest enough, fine enough, to really desire that each thought may be perfectly clear to a second person, however dear.

We love to believe, indeed, that our lives lie thus brightly

open before God, and to insist that the ever-present consciousness of their unworthiness keeps us humble upon the one hand, and fosters the loftiest aspiration upon the other.

We speak of the immortal life, as a condition of being, in which we shall know, even as we are known; but, when it is suggested that we cultivate that intimate knowledge, here and now, even between two, we shrink instinctively. It is too evident that the majority of us are not yet good enough, and that the imperfections which God still finds in us, are such as we are unwilling to trust with our most indulgent friend.

Fancy the barriers between us all swept quite aside, for even an hour! The arrogant self-assumption, the flimsy pretence, the stout bravado, and the timidity of self-depreciation,—all ruthlessly removed, and each standing fairly for what he is!

What a readjustment of our estimate of friends and neighbors would be called for! What a scurrying for solitude! Ay, what a groan that the very hills might fall upon us and hide us!

That the man of genius may, by the power of his dominant personality, be so able to open the inner sight of their understanding, as to give to his audience a vision of the immortal fires within him, as he strikes off his thoughts at white heat before them, untrammelled by the awkward aid of speech, were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Both the giving and receiving, simply an act of free-will; the power to withhold, or to accept. At the least, it confines the active power to one.

That two friends may take the risk of intercommunication, by erasing each the proud limits of individuality, and merge themselves thus into a common experience, has been too nearly done to admit of the doubt of its possibility. The power is God-like, but we, alas, are still finite men and women, and the benefit from it is at best questionable, though the strictest honesty be maintained upon both sides.

That a strong will may lead captive a feeble will, to its deadly hurt, opens before us all the dangers of hypnotic influence, increasing dangers, and threatenings from many directions, when exercised by the ignorant or unscrupulous.

It would not become me to here illustrate the marvellous

possibilities of telepathy, or thought transference, by means of the two most cogent statements which it is in my power to make; since they are mine only under the seal of strictest confidence, although I am not prohibited from stating that I possess such.

One carefully detailed experience covers *forty-five* closely written pages, and there seems to be *not one needed link missing* from the long chain of evidence, which begins at the very humblest beginning of the effort to develop power between two, and closes with instances, multiplied to weariness, of the ability to hold converse across a continent; or with one upon the main land, and the other in the midst of the islands of the sea. Both of the participants in this experience are intellectual students of books, and of character. Both have written and published books of their own, well received by the reading world.

But the ability to communicate accurately by means of thought alone, is still too unusual an accomplishment to be even generally accepted as a fact.

A few believe, because they *know*.

Professor Sidgwick said, in a recent address before the London Society for Psychical Research, "I feel that a part of my grounds for believing in telepathy, depending as it does on personal knowledge, cannot be communicated except in a weakened form to the ordinary reader of the printed statements which represent the evidence that has convinced me."

A mental message sent from New York to Boston, and accurately received, is an earnest of "a girdle around the globe" in that instant in which thought can compass it.

Such messages have been sent, and have been received, and even the ocean has proven to be no barrier between soul and soul.

I am well aware that one walks here upon a bewildering and a giddy height. But if, indeed, no physical sense is called to aid in transmitting these mental messages between distant points, why may not men at last find sure means of communication with the disembodied spirit?

If you, sitting there, utterly unaided by mechanical appliance, can speak with your friend in London, why may you not, by the like power of faith and will, speak to your beloved upon the shores eternal?

Nay, is it not easily conceivable, that the perfect harmony of being which has been achieved step by step, while in the body, assisted by the dear helps of eye, ear, tongue, and the clasp of loving hands, until it has grown finely independent of these, and become so powerful that neither darkness nor distance can avail to place a bar upon its messages,—is it not easily conceivable that souls so perfectly *en rapport* may be independent also of the intervention of dread Death itself?

A well known writer says : —“The world’s progress from the dull externality of the senses, which relate to sunlight, to sound, and to physical force, into the realm of intuition and divine wisdom, depends upon the cultivation of the divine faculties in man, which bring him into connection with supernal wisdom, and realize in this life the wisdom of the angels.

“[Doubtless] while in the form we have all the faculties that we shall have when emancipated from the body; and whatever spirits can do in the way of intuitional perception, we can do likewise, with a freedom and success proportionate to our interior development.”

It is a bold conjecture, and presages great things.

The author deals with what is commonly called spiritualistic manifestations, as a prophecy, rather than a fulfilment, dependent upon our own finer development.

To the Christian, whose faith embraces a conscious existence after death, the position seems tenable; and to those who doubt, the dawning wonders of psychology offer not only a substantial hope of immortality, but the only suggestion, moreover, of possible communication between the mortal and the disembodied spirit, which appeals for one instant to the *reasonableness* of the affections : — a direct and personal communication, born of intense sympathy.

All other is, to a refined sense, undesirable.

Nay, one seems abundantly justified in doubting whether there be any other way, than the divine way of need and supply, in the clear light of immortal living.

As I read my “In Memoriam,” hushed to utter restfulness in its breadth, and height, and depth, I am powerless to ask, “Did young Arthur’s spirit indeed respond to the poet’s anguished cry for comfort?” As I read, I *know* that it did so.

In the hours when my Christian faith weakens under the strain which Reason imposes upon her; I turn for refreshment to the dawning wonders of Psychical Science; for in this direction lies, it seems to me, the stupendous hope for proof, while yet in the body, of such of the Master's teachings, as yearning, but powerless souls have found too hard to grasp.

With the nobler cultivation of the powers of the soul must come the more just appreciation of her capacity.

THE SWISS REFERENDUM.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN.

It has become somewhat of a commonplace assertion that our politics have reached the lowest stage to which they may safely go. There seems to be no longer any necessity to prove this proposition, for the general conviction has gone abroad, amply justified by the whole course of history, that no democracy can hope to withstand the corrupting influences, now at work in our midst, unless certain radical reforms are carried to a successful conclusion. Our calm, American complacency seems at length to have received a shock; our habitual optimism to have given place to a feeling of apprehension, lest the malignant forces, now uppermost in our national life, may not, after all, prove too strong for us; and a corresponding desire is being manifested to set in motion other benign forces, which shall save the state from destruction while there is yet time.

Unfortunately all attempts to probe the fundamental, first causes of our corruption are checked at the outset by the difficulty of bringing the popular will to bear upon public questions. Our whole administrative system, and all the methods by which the people are supposed to make known their desires, are perverted and diseased, so that the sovereign body are prevented by mere tricksters from exerting their legitimate control over the making of the laws which are to govern them. We are suffering, not only from deep-seated economic and social diseases, of which, perhaps, the most alarming symptom is the concentration of wealth into the hands of a few, but also from the rule of the Boss, and from the lamentable fact that the people at large are divorced from legislation. As a matter of fact nothing stands between us and the tyranny of Municipal, State, and Federal bosses, as unscrupulous as any feudal lordlings in the thirteenth century, except public opinion, imperfectly expressed by the press.

In the light of these facts, the question of the hour resolves itself into this: How best to bring our representa-

tive system to conform to the principle of popular sovereignty, now practically defied and violated.

Civil service reform and ballot reform, when once thoroughly applied, are destined to accomplish a great deal towards purifying our politics, but the crowning reform would be to restore to the people a direct influence and final verdict over legislation.

This end is attained in Switzerland by means of the two institutions of the *Referendum* and *Initiative*, the former already deeply engrained into the life of the Swiss people, the latter still in a measure on trial.

As a result the whole scheme of Swiss federalism is found to reduce the necessity for prominent political leaders to a minimum; as for the typical boss, he is unknown in the little confederation. There the people manage their own affairs collectively to a degree unknown in other countries, keeping their representatives wonderfully in hand, so that no echoes of strife reach the outside world, no wars of rival factions, or contests of great popular favorites; for the whole conduct of government is marked by the utmost moderation and sobriety.

In view of our present political condition nothing could be more encouraging and instructive than the study of this eminently successful form of federalism, especially as manifested in the *Referendum* and *Initiative*.

This term "*Referendum*" I take to be the gerund of the Latin "*refero*." It is part of the old formula, "*ad referendum et audiendum*," and means that laws and resolutions framed by the representatives must be submitted to the people for rejection or approval. A distinction is made between a *compulsory* and *optional* *Referendum*, i. e., in some Cantons *all* laws must be submitted, in others only certain *kinds* or only those which are demanded by a certain number of voters. As far as the historical genesis of the *Referendum* is concerned, it appeared in a rudimentary form as early as the 16th century in the Cantons of *Graubünden* or *Grisons* and *Valais*, before those districts had become full-fledged members of the Swiss Confederation, and while they were still known as *Zugewandte Orte*, or Associated States. Delegates from their several communes met periodically, but were always obliged to *refer* their decisions to the communes themselves for final approval. In the same manner, the delegates from the various Cantons to the old federal Diet or Assembly of the Swiss

Confederation used to refer their measures to their home governments before they became laws. But in its present form the Referendum is a modern affair, the first steps towards its introduction having been made in 1831. To-day, every Canton, except priest-ridden, Ultramontane Fribourg, has either the compulsory or the optional Referendum incorporated into its constitution, and the central government in the Federal constitution, possesses the optional, *i. e.*, in the words of the text: "Federal laws as well as federal resolutions which are binding upon all, and which are not of such a nature that they must be despatched immediately, shall be laid before the people for acceptance or rejection when this is demanded by 30,000 Swiss voters or by eight Cantons."

Not satisfied, however, with passing judgment upon the laws made by their representatives, the people are now demanding the right of *proposing* measures themselves; this is the Initiative, or the right of any voter or body of voters to initiate proposals for the enactment of new laws, or for the alteration or abolition of existing laws. Although this institution has already been adopted by several of the Cantons, it has not yet been tested with sufficient precision to make an opinion upon its practical bearing of any value. The Referendum, on the other hand, is now old enough to have given definite results, and the general verdict is very much in its favor.

To all intents and purposes the people of the small pastoral Cantons have enjoyed the privileges of the Referendum and Initiative for centuries, although the institutions themselves have never existed amongst them. They govern directly in great annual *Landsgemeinden*, or open air legislative assemblies, which bear a striking resemblance to the Massachusetts March Town Meetings with which they are probably related through common Teutonic ancestry, although no connecting chain can be traced directly between them. In the years of 1888 and 1889 the writer attended the *Landsgemeinde* of Uri and saw the rude peasants legislate upon bills presented to them by the Cantonal Council much in the same way, someone has suggested, as the Pro-Bouletic Council at Athens in its day. This and the election of magistrates was determined in the most primitive fashion by a show of hands. It is in the more populous Cantons, which have been obliged to introduce representative systems, that

in order not to deprive the people of the benefits of direct government, the Referendum, and, here and there also, the Initiative have been adopted.

The working of the system varies in the different Cantons according as they have the optional or compulsory Referendum, and often according to local preference and prejudice. In the case of a revision of the Federal constitution where the compulsory method comes into play, the manner of procedure is as follows:—

If the two Houses, corresponding to our Senate and House of Representatives, agree upon the necessity of a revision, their task is very simple, the revised statute being submitted to the "yea" and "nay" of the people, and a majority of the whole body of voters, as well as of the twenty-two Cantons being necessary to make it become law. But if the Houses disagree, one desiring revision and the other not, or if 50,000 voters demand revision, then the question is first submitted to the people whether there shall be any revision at all. If the answer is in the negative, of course the whole matter is ended, but if in the affirmative, both Houses are dissolved and new elections take place. In the meantime, the Executive Council, which corresponds in general terms to our Cabinet, prepares the revised statute and submits the result of its labors to the newly elected Houses, whence, in turn, it is referred to the voters for final rejection or approval.

This Swiss Referendum must not be confounded with the French *plebiscite* and deserves none of the odium which attaches to that destructive institution. The latter is a temporary expedient, illegal and abnormal, used only at moments of great national excitement when the popular vote has been carefully prepared and ascertained by unscrupulous adventurers. The plebiscite has invariably proved itself to be a device invented by tyrants to entrap the people into giving assent to their usurpations, whereas the Referendum acts through regular channels, established by law, sanctioned by the people and, therefore, constitutional. It has always shown itself to be a guardian of natural rights, and of true democracy. Perhaps it has more likeness to the veto of the English sovereign when that royal prerogative was in use, than to any other historical institution. Indeed, a writer* in one of

* Frank H. Hill, *Contemporary Review*, Feb. '90. "The Future of English Monarchy."

the Reviews recently predicted the downfall of the English monarchy, unless the sovereign learned to appeal directly to the people for approval in some such manner as the Swiss Referendum provides. In this country the nearest approach which we have to this institution are the provisions in the various States for the revision of their constitutions by direct, popular vote. How inoperative some of these clauses often are, however, may be inferred from the fact that, although the people of the State of New York expressed the desire of revising their constitution as long ago as 1886, the reform has never been consummated, their representatives blocking the measure and defeating the popular will at every session. We shall be obliged before long to find relief from the tyrannies of our legislatures in some radical manner, and the simplest solution of the difficulty would be the gradual application of the Swiss Referendum. Modern parliamentary institutions, in so far as they have set up barriers between the people and legislation, have departed from their real function, which is to take the propositions emanating from the people and having examined and adjusted them to suit the peculiar requirements of the case, then to return them to the people for rejection or approval. It is the whole body of the sovereign people which composes the legislature of a state. By means of the Referendum a new principle would come into play—that representatives formulate laws but the people pass them.

As for the results already obtained by the Referendum in Switzerland, they are in every way most gratifying. Contrary to the expectations of many sinister prophets, it has proved distinctly conservative instead of revolutionary; in fact, the extraordinary caution and fear of innovation displayed by the voters might almost be made a cause of reproach to the system, for, out of seventeen bills submitted by the Referendum between 1874 and 1884, no less than thirteen were rejected by the people. It is interesting for us to notice that of these vetoed bills one was for appropriating an annual salary of two thousand dollars to a secretary of the Swiss legation at Washington. The Referendum is above all things fatal to anything like extravagance in the management of public funds; it discerns instantly and kills remorselessly all manner of jobs, and forbids favors lavished upon one district at the expense of the rest. This principle, that the people are the final arbiters, has many far-reaching con-

sequences. Politics cease to be a trade; for the power of the politicians is curtailed and there is no money in the business, no chance to devise deals and little give-and-take schemes when everything has to pass before the scrutinizing gaze of the tax payers. Moreover, second Houses, such as our Senate, tend to become superfluous, and if the Referendum were thoroughly applied would doubtless be abolished altogether. The people constitute a second House in which every bill must find its final verdict. Democracies have been justly reproached for the fact that their political offices are not always filled by men of recognized ability and unstained honor, that the best talent of the nation after a while yields the political field to adventurers. This is not the case in Switzerland, under the purifying working of the Referendum. Nowhere in the world are the government places occupied by men so well fitted for the work to be performed. The Referendum strikes a blow at party government in the narrow sense, in the sense in which offices are distributed only to party workers, irrespective of capacity for peculiar duties,—party government which produces an opposition whose business it is to oppose, never to co-operate. It would also modify our whole representative system which now practically endows the elected legislators with sovereign attributes. For these systems the Referendum substitutes a government based upon business principles, displaying ability and stability, simplicity and economy.

Besides these purely practical gains there are recommendations on the score of ethics which deserve to be noticed. Consider the educational effect of an institution which obliges every voter to investigate and pass judgment upon bills submitted to him. How much more likely it is under such circumstances that legislation will be treated on its merits, and not with a view towards keeping a certain party or certain persons in power. We have just had a striking proof of the extraordinary educational influence of the last presidential campaign in calling attention to the absurdities of our protective tariff. How much greater must be the results of a series of such campaigns, turning in succession upon all the subjects with which a good citizen should be familiar! Then think of how the Referendum invests the individual voter with a new dignity, and how it adds to the collective sovereign people the majesty of final appeal, of

which our representative system, as at present constituted, practically deprives them.

In the eyes of some people it will undoubtedly seem an objection to the Referendum that it seriously curtails the powers of legislatures. But when we remember that the people of several of our States have already found it necessary to do this by special enactments, and when we stop to imagine for one moment the mass of legislation, often contradictory and inconsistent, and generally useless if not absolutely harmful, which is being piled up in the legislatures of the various States and of the Federal government, it will be seen at a glance, what a boon the Referendum in reality might become, how valuable, nay, how providential a check it might be upon this reckless, regardless, wholesale rush of legislation! To-day reform lies in the direction of repeal rather than of further laws, of liberty rather than restriction.

Those who have no faith in the principles which underlie all genuine democracies, in the equality and brotherhood of man, and in his natural rights; who fear the people as an unreasoning beast which must be controlled; and therefore look to reform by means of artificial laws rather than by those of Nature,—such men will naturally dread anything which savors of direct government, and will, of course, find the Referendum a stumbling block and a bugbear.

But the increasing number of those who place their utmost confidence in the common sense of the people as a whole, unhampered and unperturbed by bosses, will welcome the Referendum and its complement, the Initiative, as the most important contributions to the art of self government and the greatest triumphs over the peculiar dangers to which representative governments are exposed, which this century has yet seen.

DRUNKENNESS A CRIME.

BY HENRY A. HARTT, M. D.

A GENTLEMAN, in the July number of *THE ARENA*, expresses surprise that I, as a physician, consider drunkenness a crime; and advances the theory, that it is uniformly a disease derived from heredity, which he traces back as far as Noah and the Flood.

There can be no doubt that drunkenness becomes a disease in a certain class of cases, and it is so recognized by the medical faculty universally, under the title of *dypsomania*. But in all the instances of this malady which have come under my observation, it has invariably been the effect of a long course of wilful dissipation. I have never seen a man who was born with this infirmity, or who has not been able for many years of his life to use alcoholic liquors, or not, as he chose. The disease is always produced by a continuous habit of vicious indulgence for a length of time; and I am convinced that far too much importance is attached to heredity, both with respect to this and other maladies.

A man, for instance, may have an hereditary tendency to rheumatism, and yet may live many years, and often be exposed to the exciting causes of it, without having an attack; and he may be radically and permanently cured of it, even after it has affected him in a chronic form. Not long since, I saw a lad, eleven years of age, who had suffered from bronchitis and asthma from his infancy, and who, by appropriate treatment, was cured of both in three months. His father had been afflicted with a similar complication for many years, and is now, also, in perfect health. In both cases, heredity was held to be chiefly responsible, and they had long been pronounced by high authorities, incurable.

It is a significant fact that, throughout the Bible, drunkenness is denounced as a sin which deserves the severest punishment, and which, if not repented of and renounced, will inevitably exclude the subject of it from the kingdom of heaven; and that in no case is the remotest allusion made to

it as a disease from which he is suffering, nor any extenuating circumstances offered which should make him an object of sympathy, or relieve him from responsibility for guilt.

Theft is often due to disease, and may in like manner be traced, more or less, to heredity; and we have, also, a notable example of it in the case of one of the patriarchs who stole his brother's birthright. Whether this crime was prevalent among the Jews during the period of their nationality, I am not prepared to say. A few years before their dispersion we have a famous historical representative of it in Barabbas who was pardoned by Pilate at the request of the multitude. But it must be admitted that in the case of that people in this country, heredity has utterly failed; for in our heterogeneous nationality, they are, confessedly, pre-eminently distinguished, not only for benevolence and sobriety, but also for their immunity for crime of every description.

I am asked to prove that drunkenness is a crime. The inspired law-giver of Israel regarded it in this light, and in one class of cases affixed to it the penalty of death:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son who will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and who, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die."

Drunkenness is a voluntary lunacy, which causes three fourths of the crimes of violence, and, exclusive of itself, two thirds of all other crimes, and two thirds of the pauperism under which the people groan. If the doors of all the insane asylums in the land were thrown open, and the whole army of involuntary lunatics were let loose, it is doubtful whether they would produce one half the devastation and horrors which flow from this atrocious vice. Can any man of common sense ask if this is a crime, or question the right and duty of society to punish it, both for its own protection, and as a preventive?

My critic seems to imagine that it would be impossible

under such a law as I propose, to reach a rich offender, because he commits his crime, and enjoys the luxury of a drunken stupor and the demoniac visions of delirium tremens, in the privacy of his own house.

"The world," he says, "does not see him."

But where are the rich drunkards' households? They suffer all the more because he chooses to make his home the scene of his carousals. He soon becomes only an object of compassion, and his interest, as well as that of his family, demand that he should be put under surveillance and restraint. Besides, the law would now, as in all other cases of crime, forbid connivance, and impose an obligation of complaint.

For dyspomania special asylums should be provided, in which due medical care and treatment should be furnished; but the imprisonment in them should be compulsory, as in the cases of lunatics from other diseases.

The evils in this life arise, for the most part, from the abuse of that which is good. Drunkenness forms no exception to this rule. Wine and other alcoholic liquors are gifts of a beneficent Providence, which, when properly used, are sources of pleasure and profit to mankind. The vast majority of the people throughout the civilized world do use them in this manner, and I can see no reason why, because a man here and there chooses to form and indulge an unnatural appetite for them, and insanely pervert them to his own destruction, and to the injury of the community in which he lives, everybody else shall be kept in a state of continual agitation and excitement, or enter into bonds to renounce them at once and forever. Would it not be much wiser and better to do in this case just what we do in all others of a similar nature, and punish the culprit who commits the wrong?

The biblical and scientific arguments in favor of alcohol, and, by sequence, the liquors which contain it, are, in my opinion, conclusive; but however this may be, the simple fact that Christ, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, did put forth his divine power and miraculously convert water into wine, the superior excellence of which was affirmed by the governor of the feast, should be enough to silence all dispute among his followers with regard to the legitimacy of this article and the propriety of its use.

And now when Mr. Hardy lies at my feet wounded and half dead, another champion appears in THE ARENA, and with amazing assurance proclaims, that Dr. Hartt's theory proves ineffectual in actual practice, because the State of Vermont has had for several years a law on her statute book which makes drunkenness a crime; a law which *applies only to those who are found in a state of intoxication*; which provides that the prosecution must be commenced within thirty days after the offence is committed; which for the first two offences, imposes only a paltry fine and which is enacted for a community so thoroughly demoralized on this subject according to the testimony of my opponent, that "were a public prosecutor to display the *hardihood* to prosecute an infringement of this law by a citizen of good standing, unless the offence were committed under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, his zeal would serve only to arouse popular indignation, and, in all probability, bring about his own speedy political decapitation."

I had always supposed that Vermont was a singularly enlightened and law-abiding State, distinguished for her impartial administration of justice; but if the statement of Mr. Royce be not an unmitigated slander, she stands before the world with all her high pretensions polluted and disgraced, and utterly unworthy of association with the sisterhood of this great Republic.

What would be thought of a similar law, or, of a similar public sentiment, in relation to theft or forgery?

I marvel that any man of reason could fancy for a moment, that my theory has been tested and found wanting by this unprecedented caricature of jurisprudence, as it has been represented in Vermont.

The law which I advocate is not a partial or one-sided measure which shall apply only to a poor, besotted wretch who shall have fallen into the gutter; but a just statute, whose provisions shall apply equally to all classes, and which shall seize upon the intelligent and fashionable, as well as upon the ignorant and disreputable culprit. It shall brand drunkenness, not merely as a misdemeanor, subject to an insignificant fine, especially when it causes some disorder in the streets, but as a grievous and germinal crime, and shall affix to it a severe and an ignominious penalty. It may be well, perhaps, in the beginning, as in Minnesota, to adjudge

only a monetary sacrifice for the first two offences, until the people become thoroughly apprised of the existence of the law; but, afterwards the full punishment should be inflicted for the first violation, as in other crimes.

Insanity from drunkenness is more dangerous and injurious by far than insanity from disease. We cannot always tell, in either case, what individual lunatic will do mischief, but with respect to involuntary insanity, we place all the subjects of it indiscriminately under observation and restriction, not for the purpose of punishment, but for the protection of society. Here, however, is a class of lunatics who deliberately manufacture their own delusions, who wilfully pervert a beneficent gift of Providence into a poison and a curse, and make themselves the enemies and pests of their households, and the communities in which they live, scattering everywhere around them firebrands, arrows, and death. Shall they not, I ask, be incarcerated, not only for the safety of society, but, also, as a punishment for their crime?

It is obvious that there is no other way whereby this terrible evil under our present form of civilization can be suppressed. Prohibition is wrong in principle, and wholly impracticable. High license is unjust, anti-republican, and inefficient. Whatever natural aversion, then, we may feel to this method, as every true man must shrink from the idea of all punishment, especially when he contemplates the weaknesses of humanity and the fearful temptations to which it is liable in the present inharmonious and incongruous condition of things, and his own heart must bleed with sympathy, we are shut up to the necessity of adapting to this crime the treatment analagous to that which, from time immemorial, has been pursued in relation to every other; while we fervently pray that the glorious day will soon dawn, when a higher, and purer, and wiser system of ethics and economics will lift all classes of society above the trials and cares which now beset them.

THE MALUNGEONS.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

WERE you ever when a child half playfully told "The Malungeons will get you"? If not, you were never a Tennessee child, as some of our fathers were; they who tell us all that may be told of that strange, almost forgotten race, concerning whom history is strangely silent. Only upon the records of the State of Tennessee does the name appear. The records show that by act of the Constitutional Convention of 1834, when the "Race Question" played such a conspicuous part in the deliberations of that body, the Malungeon, as a "*free person of color*," was denied the right of suffrage. Right there he dropped from the public mind and interest. Of no value as a slave, with no voice as a citizen, what use could the public make of the Malungeon? When John Sèvier attempted to organize the State of Franklin, there was living in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee a colony of dark-skinned, reddish-brown complexioned people, supposed to be of Moorish descent, who affiliated with neither whites nor blacks, and who called themselves Malungeons, and claimed to be of Portuguese descent. They lived to themselves exclusively, and were looked upon neither as negroes nor Indians.

All the negroes ever brought to America came as slaves; the Malungeons were never slaves, and until 1834 enjoyed all the rights of citizenship. Even in the Convention which disfranchised them, they were referred to as "*free persons of color*" or "Malungeons."

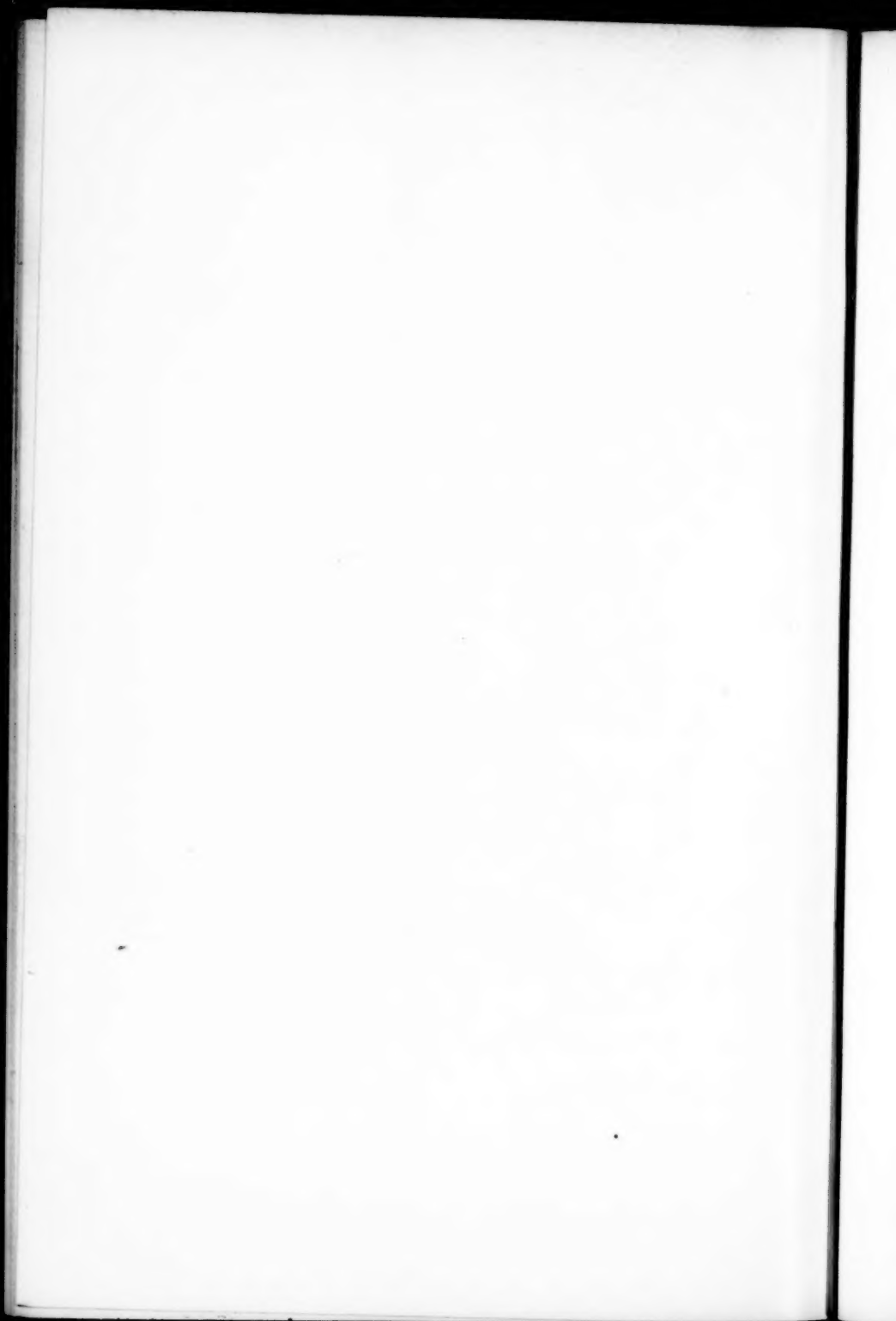
Their condition from the organization of the State of Tennessee to the close of the civil war is most accurately described by John A. McKinley, of Hawkins County, who was chairman of the committee to which was referred all matters affecting these "*free persons of color*."

Said he, speaking of *free persons of color*, "It means Malungeons if it means anything. Although 'fleecey locks and black complexion' do not forfeit Nature's claims, still it is true that those locks and that complexion mark every one of the



A TYPICAL MALUNGEON.

(Drawn from a photograph taken by Will Allen Dromgoole.)



African race, so long as he remains among the white race, as a person doomed to live in the suburbs of society.

"Unenviable as is the condition of the slave, unlovely as slavery is in all its aspects, bitter as is the draught the slave is doomed to drink, nevertheless, his condition is better than that of the '*free man of color*' in the midst of a community of white men with whom he has no interest, no fellow-feeling and no equality." So the Constitutional convention left these the most pitiable of all outcasts; denied their oath in court, and deprived of the testimony of their own color, left utterly helpless in all legal contests, they naturally, when the State set the brand of the outcast upon them, took to the hills, the isolated peaks of the uninhabited mountains, the corners of the earth, as it were, where, huddled together, they became a law unto themselves, a race indeed separate and distinct from the several races inhabiting the State of Tennessee.

So much, or so *little*, we glean from the records. From history we get nothing; not so much as the name,—Malungeons.

In the farther valleys they were soon forgotten: only now and then an old slave-mammy would frighten her rebellious charge into subjection with the threat,—"*The Malungeons will get you if you aint pretty.*" But to the people of the foot hills and the nearer valleys they became a living terror; sweeping down upon them, stealing their cattle, their provisions, their very clothing, and household furniture.

They became shiftless, idle, thieving, and defiant of all law, distillers of brandy, almost to a man. The barren height upon which they located, offered hope of no other crop so much as fruit, and they were forced, it would appear, to utilize their one opportunity.

At the breaking out of the war, some few enlisted in the army, but the greater number remained with their stills, to pillage and plunder among the helpless women and children.

Their mountains became a terror to travellers; and not until within the last half decade has it been regarded safe to cross Malungeon territory.

Such they *were*; or so do they come to us through tradition and the State's records. As to what they *are* any who feel disposed may go and see. Opinion is divided concern-

ing them, and they have their own ideas as to their descent. A great many declare them mulattoes, and base their belief upon the ground that at the close of the civil war negroes and Malungeons stood upon precisely the same social footing, "*free men of color*" all; and that the fast vanishing handful opened their doors to the darker brother, also groaning under the brand of social ostracism. This might, at first glance, seem probable, indeed, reasonable.

Yet if we will consider a moment, we shall see that a race of mulattoes cannot exist as these Malungeons have existed. The race goes from mulattoes to quadroons, from quadroons to octoroons, and there it stops. The octoroon women bear no children, but in every cabin of the Malungeons may be found mothers and grandmothers, and very often great-grandmothers.

"Who are they, then?" you ask. I can only give you their own theory — if I may call it such — and to do this I must tell you how I found them, and something of my stay among them.

First. I saw in an old newspaper some slight mention of them. With this tiny clue I followed their trail for three years. The paper merely stated that "somewhere in the mountains of Tennessee there existed a remnant of people called Malungeons, having a distinct color, characteristics, and dialect." It seemed a very hopeless search, so utterly were the Malungeons forgotten, and I was laughed at no little for my "new crank." I was even called "a Malungeon" more than once, and was about to abandon my "crank" when a member of the Tennessee State Senate, of which I happened at that time to be engrossing clerk, spoke of a brother senator as being "tricky as a Malungeon."

I pounced upon him the moment his speech was completed. "Senator," I said, "what is a Malungeon?"

"A dirty Indian sneak," said he. "Go over yonder and ask Senator —; they live in his district."

I went at once.

"Senator, what is a Malungeon?" I asked again.

"A Portuguese nigger," was the reply. "Representative T — can tell you all about them, they live in his county."

From "district" to "county" was quick travelling, and into the House of Representatives I went, fast upon the lost trail of the forgotten Malungeons.

"Mr. —," said I, "please tell me what is a Malungeon?"

"A Malungeon," said he, "isn't a nigger, and he isn't an Indian, and he isn't a white man. God only knows *what* he is. I should call him a *Democrat*, only he always votes the Republican ticket." I merely mention all this to show how the Malungeons of to-day are regarded, and to show how I tracked them to Newman's Ridge in Hancock County, where within four miles of one of the prettiest county towns in Tennessee, may be found all that remains of that outcast race whose descent is a riddle the historian has never solved. In appearance they bear a striking resemblance to the Cherokees, and they are believed by the people round about to be a kind of half-breed Indian.

Their complexion is a reddish brown, totally unlike the mulatto. The men are very tall and straight, with small, sharp eyes, high cheek bones, and straight black hair, worn rather long. The women are small, below the average height, coal black hair and eyes, high cheek bones, and the same red-brown complexion. The hands of the Malungeon women are quite shapely and pretty. Also their feet, despite the fact that they travel the sharp mountain trails barefoot, are short and shapely. Their features are wholly unlike those of the negro, except in cases where the two races have cohabited, as is sometimes the fact. These instances can be readily detected, as can those of cohabitation with the mountaineer; for the pure Malungeons present a characteristic and individual appearance. On the Ridge proper, one finds only the pure Malungeons; it is in the unsavory limits of Black Water Swamp and on Big Sycamore Creek, lying at the foot of the Ridge between it and Powell's Mountain, that the mixed races dwell.

In Western and Middle Tennessee the Malungeons are forgotten long ago. And indeed, so nearly complete has been the extinction of the race that in but few counties of Eastern Tennessee is it known. In Hancock you may hear them, and see them, almost the instant you cross into the county line. There they are distinguished as the "Ridgemanites," or pure "Malungeons." Those among whom the white or negro blood has entered are called the "*Black-Waters*." The Ridge is admirably adapted to the purpose of wild-cat distilling, being crossed by but one road and crowned with jungles of chinquapin, cedar, and wahoo.

Of very recent years the dogs of the law have proved too sharp-eyed and bold even for the lawless Malungeons, so that such of the furnace fires as have not been extinguished are built underground.

They are a great nuisance to the people of the county seat, where, on any public day, and especially on election days, they may be seen squatted about the streets, great strapping men, or little brown women baking themselves in the sun like mud figures set to dry.

The people of the town do not allow them to enter their dwellings, and even refuse to employ them as servants, owing to their filthy habit of chewing tobacco and spitting upon the floors, together with their ignorance or defiance of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

They are exceedingly shiftless, and in most cases filthy. They care for nothing except their pipe, their liquor, and a tramp "ter towin." They will walk to Sneedville and back sometimes twice in twelve hours, up a steep trail through an almost unbroken wilderness, and never seem to suffer the least fatigue.

They are not at all like the Tennessee mountaineer either in appearance or characteristics. The mountaineer, however poor, is clean,— cleanliness itself. He is honest (I speak of him as a class) he is generous, trustful, until once betrayed; truthful, brave, and possessing many of the noblest and keenest sensibilities. The Malungeons are filthy, their home is filthy. They are rogues, natural, "born rogues," close, suspicious, inhospitable, untruthful, cowardly, and, to use their own word "sneaky." They are exceedingly inquisitive too, and will trail a visitor to the Ridge for miles, through seemingly impenetrable jungles, to discover, if may be, the object of his visit. They expect remuneration for the slightest service. The mountaineer's door stands open, or at most the string of the latch dangles upon the "outside." He takes you for what you *seem* until you shall prove yourself otherwise.

In many things they resemble the negro. They are exceedingly immoral, yet are great shouters and advocates of

religion. They call themselves Baptists, although their mode of baptism is that of the Dunkard.

There are no churches on the Ridge, but the one I visited in Black Water Swamp was beyond question an inauguration of the colored element. At this church I saw white women with negro babies at their breasts — Malungeon women with white or with black husbands, and some, indeed, having the three separate races represented in their children, showing thereby the gross immorality that is practised among them. I saw an old negro whose wife was a white woman, and who had been several times arrested, and released on his plea of "Portygee" blood, which he declared had colored his skin, and not African.

The dialect of the Malungeons is a cross between that of the mountaineer and the negro, — a corruption, perhaps, of both. The letter R occupies but small place in their speech, and they have a peculiar habit of omitting the last letter, sometimes the last syllable of their words. For instance "good night" — is "goo' night." "Give" is "gi'" etc. They do not drawl like the mountaineers but, on the contrary, speak rapidly and talk a great deal. The laugh of the Malungeon woman is the most exquisitely musical jingle, a perfect ripple of sweet sound. Their dialect is exceedingly difficult to write, owing to their habit of curtailing their words.

The pure Malungeons, that is the *old* men and women, have no toleration for the negro, and nothing insults them so much as a suggestion of negro blood. Many pathetic stories are told of their battle against the black race, which they regard as the cause of their downfall, the annihilation, indeed, of the Malungeons, for when the races began to mix and to intermarry, and the expression, "A Malungeon-nigger" came into use, the last barrier vanished, and all were regarded as somewhat upon a social level.

They are very like the Indians in many respects, — their fleetness of foot, cupidity, cruelty (as practised during the days of their illicit distilling), their love for the forest, their custom of living without doors, one might almost say, — for truly the little hovels could not be called homes, — and their taste for liquor and tobacco.

They believe in witchcraft, "yarbs," and more than one

"*charmer*" may be found among them. They will "rub away" a wart or a mole for ten cents, and one old squaw assured me she had some "blood beads" that "wair bounter heäl all manner o' blood ailimints."

They are limited somewhat as to names: their principal families being the Mullins, Gorrans, Collins, and Gibbins.

They resort to a very peculiar method of distinguishing themselves. Jack Collins' wife for instance will be Mary Jack. His son will be Ben Jack. His daughters' names will be similar; Nancy Jack or Jane Jack, as the case may be, but always having the father's Christian name attached.

Their homes are miserable hovels, set here and there in the very heart of the wilderness. Very few of their cabins have windows, and some have only an opening cut through the wall for a door. In winter an old quilt is hung before it to shut out the cold. They do not welcome strangers among them, so that I went to the Ridge somewhat doubtful as to my reception. I went, however, determined to be one of them, so I wore a suit as nearly like their own as I could get it. I had some trouble securing board, but I did succeed at last in doing so by paying the enormous sum of fifteen cents a day. I was put to sleep in a little closet opening off the family room. My room had no windows, and but the one door. The latch was carefully removed before I went in, so that I had no means of egress, except through the family room, and no means by which to shut myself in. My bed was of straw, not the sweet-smelling straw we read of. The Malungeons go a long way for their straw, and they evidently make it go a long way when they do get it. I was called to breakfast the next morning while the gray mists still held the mountain in its arms. I asked for water to bathe my face and was sent to "ther branch," a beautiful little mountain stream crossing the trail some few hundred yards from the cabin.

Breakfast consisted of corn bread, wild honey, and bitter coffee. It was prepared and eaten in the garret, or roof-room, above the family room. A few chickens, the only fowl I saw on the Ridge, also occupied the roof room. Coffee is quite common among the Malungeons; they drink it without sweetening, and drink it cold at all hours of the day or night. They have no windows and no candles, consequently,

they retire with the going of the daylight. Many of their cabins have no floors other than that which Nature gave, but one that I remember had a floor made of trees slit in half, the bark still on, placed with the flat side to the ground. The people in this house slept on leaves with an old gray blanket for covering. Yet the master of the house, who claims to be an Indian, and who, without doubt, possesses Indian blood, draws a pension of twenty-nine dollars per month. He can neither read nor write, is a lazy fellow, fond of apple brandy and bitter coffee, has a rollicking good time with an old fiddle which he plays with his thumb, and boasts largely of his Cherokee grandfather and his government pension. In one part of his cabin (there are two rooms and a connecting shed) the very stumps of the trees still remain. I had my artist sketch him sitting upon the stump of a monster oak which stood in the very centre of the shed or hallway.

This family did their cooking at a rude fireplace built near the spring, as a matter of convenience.

Another family occupied one room, or apartment, of a stable. The stock fed in another (the stock belonged, let me say, to someone else) and the "cracks" between the logs of the separating partition were of such depth a small child could have rolled from the bed in one apartment into the trough in the other. How they exist among such squalor is a mystery.

Their dress consists, among the women, of a short loose calico skirt and a blouse that boasts of neither hook nor button. Some of these blouses were fastened with brass pins conspicuously bright. Others were tied together by means of strings tacked on either side. They wear neither shoes nor stockings in the summer, and many of them go barefoot all winter. The men wear jeans, and may be seen almost any day tramping barefoot across the mountain.

They are exceedingly illiterate, none of them being able to read. I found one school among them, taught by an old Malungeon, whose literary accomplishments amounted to a meagre knowledge of the alphabet and the spelling of words. Yet, he was very earnest, and called lustily to the "chillering" to "spry up," and to "learn the book."

This school was located in the loveliest spot my eyes ever rested upon. An eminence overlooking the beautiful valley of the Clinch and the purple peaks beyond. Billows and billows of mountains, so blue, so exquisitely wrapped in their delicate mist-veil, one almost doubts if they be hills or heaven. While through the slumbrous vale the silvery Clinch, the fairest of Tennessee's fair streams, creeps slowly, like a drowsy dream-river, among the purple distances.

The eminence itself is entirely barren save for one tall old cedar and the schoolmaster's little log building. It presents a very weird, wild, yet majestic scene, to the traveler as he climbs up from the valley.

Near the schoolhouse is a Malungeon grave-yard. The Malungeons are very careful for their dead. They build a kind of floorless house above each separate grave, many of the homes of the dead being far better than the dwellings of the living. The graveyard presents the appearance of a diminutive town, or settlement, and is kept with great nicety and care. They mourn their dead for years, and every friend and acquaintance is expected to join in the funeral arrangements. They follow the body to the grave, sometimes for miles, afoot, in single file. Their burial ceremonies are exceedingly interesting and peculiar.

They are an unforgiving people, although, unlike the sensitive mountaineer, they are slow to detect an insult, and expect to be spit upon. But injury to life or property they never forgive. Several odd and pathetic instances of Malungeon hate came under my observation while among them, but they would cover too much space in telling.

Within the last two years the railroad has struck within some thirty miles of them, and its effects are becoming very apparent. Now and then a band of surveyors, or a lone mineralogist will cross Powell's mountain, and pass through Mulberry Gap just beyond Newman's Ridge. So near, yet never nearer. The hills around are all said to be crammed with coal or iron, but Newman's Ridge can offer nothing to the capitalist. It would seem that the Malungeons had chosen the one spot, of all that magnificent creation, *not* to be desired.

Yet, they have heard of the railroad, the great bearer of commerce, and expect it, in a half-regretful, half-pathetic way.

They have four questions, always, for the stranger: —

“Whatcher name?”

“Wher'd yer come fum?”

“How old er yer?”

“Did yer hear en'thin' er ther railwa' comin' up ther Ridge?”

As if it might step into their midst any day.

The Malungeons believe themselves to be of Cherokee and Portuguese extraction. They cannot account for the Portuguese blood, but are very bold in declaring themselves a remnant of those tribes, or that tribe, still inhabiting the mountains of North Carolina, which refused to follow the tribes to the Reservation set aside for them.

There is a theory that the Portuguese pirates, known to have visited these waters, came ashore and located in the mountains of North Carolina. The Portuguese “streak” however, is scouted by those who claim for the Malungeons a drop of African blood, as, quite early in the settlement of Tennessee, runaway negroes settled among the Cherokees, or else were captured and adopted by them.

However, with all the light possible to be thrown upon them, the Malungeons are, and will remain, a mystery. A more pathetic case than theirs cannot be imagined. They are going, the little space of hills 'twixt earth and heaven allotted them, will soon be free of the dusky tribe, whose very name is a puzzle, and whose origin is a riddle no man has unravelled. The most that can be said of one of them is, “He is a Malungeon,” a synonym for all that is doubtful and mysterious — and unclean.

THE TEST OF ELDER PILL.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

OLD man Bacon was pinching forked barbs on a wire fence one rainy day in July, when his neighbor Jennings came along the road on his way to town. Jennings never went to town "except when it rained too hard to work out doors," his neighbors said; and of old man Bacon it was said he "*never rested nights n'r Sundays.*"

Jennings pulled up,— "Good morning, neighbor Bacon."

"Mornin'," rumbled the old man without looking up.

"Taking it easy, as usual, I see. Think it's going to clear up?"

"May, an' may not. Don't make much diffirunce t'me," growled Bacon, discouragingly.

"Heard about the plan for a church?"

"Naw."

"Well, we're goin' to hire Elder Pill from Douglass to come over and preach every Sunday afternoon at the school-house, an' we want help t' pay him,— the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"Sometimes he is an' then agin he aint. Y' needn't look t'me f'r a dollar. I aint got no intrust in y'r church."

"Oh yes you have — besides y'r wife."

"She aint got no more time 'n I have t' go t' church. We're obleeged to do bout all we c'n stand t' pay our debts, let alone try'n' to support a preacher." And the old man shut the pinchers up on a barb with a vicious grip.

Easy going Mr. Jennings laughed in his silent way.

"I guess you'll help when the time comes," and clicking to his team drove off.

"I guess I won't," muttered the grizzled old giant as he went on with his work. Bacon was what is called a "land poor" in the West, that is he had more land than money; still he was able to give if he felt disposed. It remains to say that he was *not* disposed, being a "sceptic and a scoffer."

It angered him to have Jennings predict so confidently that he would help.

The sun was striking redly through a rift in the clouds, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Bacon saw a man coming up the lane walking on the grass at the side of the road, and whistling merrily. The old man looked at him from under his huge eyebrows with some curiosity. As he drew near the pedestrian ceased to whistle, and just as the farmer expected him to pass, he stopped and said in a free and easy style:—

"How de do. Give me a chaw t'baccер. I'm Pill the new minister. I take fine-cut when I can get it. Much obliged. How goes it?"

"Tollable, tollable," said the astounded farmer, looking hard at Pill.

"Yes, I'm the new minister sent around here to keep you fellows in the traces and out of hell-fire. Have y' fled from the wrath?"

"You are, eh?"

"I am just! How do you like that style of barb fence? Aint the twisted wire better?"

"I s'pose they be, but they cost more."

"Yes, costs more to go to heaven than to hell. You'll think so after I board with you a week. Narrow the road that leads to light and broad the way that leads—how's your soul anyway, brother?"

"Soul's all right. I find more trouble to keep m' body goun'."

"Give us your hand; so do I. All the same we must prepare for the next world. We're gittin' old; lay not up your treasures where moth and rust—"

Bacon was thoroughly interested in the preacher, and was studying him carefully. He was tall, straight, and superbly proportioned; broad-shouldered, wide-lunged, and thewed like a Greek racer. His rather small steel-blue eyes twinkled, and his shrewd face and small head set well back completed a remarkable figure. He wore his reddish beard in the usual way of western clergymen, with mustache chopped close.

Bacon spoke slowly:—

"You look like a good husky man to pitch in the barn yard; you've too much muscle f'r preachun."

"Come and hear me next Sunday and if you say so then,

"I'll quit," replied Mr. Pill, quietly. "I give ye my word for it. I believe in preachers havin' a little of the flesh and the devil; they can sympathize better with the rest of ye." The sarcasm was lost on Bacon who continued to look at him. Suddenly he said, as if with an involuntary determination,—

"Where ye go'n' to stay t'night?"

"I don' know, do you?"

"I rec'on ye can hang out with me, 'f ye feel like ut. We aint very purty, ol' woman an' me, but we eat. You go along down the road and tell 'er I sent yeh—y'll find an' ol' dusty Bible round somer's—I s'pose ye spend y'r spare time read'n about Joshua an' Dan'l—"

"I spend more time read'n men—well, I'm off! I'm hungrier 'n a gray wolf in a bear trap," and off he went as he came.

Bacon felt as if he had made too much of a concession, and had a strong inclination to shout and retract his invitation; but he did not, only worked on with an occasional bear-like grin. There was something captivating in this fellow's free and easy way.

When he came up to the house an hour or two later, in singular good humor for him, he found the elder in the creamery, with "the old woman" and Marietta. Marietta was not more won by him than was Jane Bacon, he was so genial, and "put on no religious frills."

Mrs. Bacon never put on frills of any kind. She was a most frightful toiler, only excelled (if excelled at all) by her husband. She was still muscular in her age and shapelessness. Unlovely at her best, when about her work in her faded calico gown and flat shoes, hair wisped into a slovenly knot, she was depressing. But she was a good woman of sterling integrity, and ambitious for her girl.

Marietta was as attractive as her mother was depressing. She was young and had the physical perfection—at least as regards body—that her parents must have had. She was above the average height of woman, with strong swell of bosom and glorious erect carriage of head. Her features were coarse but regular and pleasing and her manner boyish.

Elder Pill was on the best of terms with them, as he watched the milk being skimmed out of the "submerged cans" ready for the "caaves and hawgs," as Mrs. Bacon called them.

"Dad told you t' come here 'nd stay t' supper, did he? What's come over him?" said the girl, with a sort of audacious humor.

"Dad has an awful grutch agin preachers," said Mrs. Bacon, as she wiped her hands on her apron. "I declare, I don't see how —"

"*Some* preachers, not *all* preachers," laughed Pill, in his mellow nasal. "There are preachers, and then again preachers. I'm one o' the t'other kind."

"I sh'd think y' was," laughed the girl.

"Now, Merry Etty, you run right t' the pig-pen with that milk, whilst I go in an' set the tea on." Mr. Pill seized the can of milk, saying, with a twang:—

"Show me the way that I may walk therein," and accompanied by the laughing girl made rapid way to the pig-pen just as the old man set up a ferocious shout to call the hired hand out of the corn-field.

"How'd y' come to send *him* here?" asked Mrs. Bacon, nodding toward Pill.

"Damfino! I kindo' liked him — no nonsense about him," answered Bacon, going into temporary eclipse behind his hands, as he washed his face at the cistern.

At the supper table Pill was "easy as an old shoe," ate with his knife, talked on fattening hogs, suggested a few points on raising clover, told of pioneer experiences in Michigan and soon winning them — hired man and all — to a most favorable opinion of himself. But he did not trench on religious matters at all.

The hired man in his shirt sleeves, and smelling frightfully of tobacco and sweat (as did Bacon), sat with open mouth, at times forgetting to eat, in his absorbing interest in the minister's yarns.

"Yes, I've got a family, too much of a family in fact — that is, I think so sometimes when I'm pinched. Our western people are so indigent — in plain terms poor — they can't do any better than they do. But we pull through — we pull through! John, you look like a stout fellow, but I'll bet a hat I can *down* you three out of five."

"I bet you can't," grinned the hired man. It was the climax of all, that bet.

"I'll take y' in hand an' flop y' both," roared Bacon, from his lion-like throat, his eyes glistening with rare good-

nature from the shadow of his gray brows. But he admired the minister's broad shoulders at the same time. If this fellow panned out as he promised, he was a rare specimen.

After supper he played a masterly game of croquet with Marietta, beating her with ease, then he wandered out to the barn and talked horses with the hired man, and finished by stripping off his coat and putting on one of Mrs. Bacon's aprons to help milk the cows.

But at breakfast the next morning when the family were about pitching into their food as usual without ceremony —

"*Wait!*" said the visitor, in an imperious tone, and with lifted hand.

"Let us look to the Lord for His blessing."

They waited till the grace was said, but it threw a depressing atmosphere over the meal; evidently they considered the trouble begun. At the end of the meal, the minister asked: —

"Have you a Bible in the house?"

"I rec'on there's one in the house somewhere. Merry, go'n see 'f y' can't raise one," said Mrs. Bacon, indifferently.

"Have you any objection to family devotion?" asked Pill, as the book was placed in his hands by the girl.

"No; have all you want," said Bacon, as he rose from the table and passed out the door. The hired man said he guessed he'd see the thing through. It wasn't just square to leave the women folks to bear the brunt of it.

It was shortly after breakfast that the elder concluded he'd walk up to Brother Jennings' and see about church matters.

"I shall expect you, Brother Bacon, to be at the service at 2.30."

"All right, go ahead expectun'," responded Bacon, with an inscrutable manner.

"You promised, you remember?"

"The — devil — I did!" the old man snarled.

The elder looked back with a smile, and went off whistling in the warm, bright morning.

II.

The schoolhouse down on the creek was known as "Hell's Corners" all through the county, because of the frequent rows that took place therein at "Corkuses" and the like, and also because of the number of teachers that had been

"ousted" by the boys. In fact, it was one of those places still to be found occasionally in the West, far from railroads and schools where the primitive ignorance and ferocity of men still prowl like the panthers which are also found sometimes in the deeps of the Iowa timber lands.

The most of this ignorance and ferocity, however, was centred in the family of Dixons, a dark-skinned unsavory group of Missourians. It consisted of old man Dixon and wife, and six sons, all man-grown, great, gaunt, sinewy, savage fellows, with no education, but superstitious as savages. If anything went wrong in "Hell's Corners," everybody knew that the Dixons were "on the rampage again." The schoolteachers were warned against the Dixons, and the preachers were besought to convert the Dixons.

In fact, John Jennings as he drove Pill to the schoolhouse next day, said:—

"If you can convert the Dixon boys, Elder, I'll give you the best horse in my barn."

"I work not for such hire," said Mr. Pill, with a look of deep solemnity on his face, belied indeed by a twinkle in his small, keen eye,—a twinkle which made Milton Jennings laugh candidly. He was a bright-faced young fellow, attending school in the county town of Rock River.

There was considerable curiosity expressed by a murmur of lips and voices, as the minister's tall figure entered the door and stood for a moment in a study of the scene before him. It was a characteristically Western scene. The women were rigidly on one side of the schoolroom, the men as rigidly on the other; the front seats were occupied by squirming boys and girls in their Sunday splendor.

On the back seat to the right were the young men in their best vests with paper collars and butterfly neckties, with their coats unbuttoned, hair plastered down in a fascinating wave on their brown foreheads. Not a few were in their shirt-sleeves. The older men sat intermediately between the youths and boys talking in hoarse whispers across the aisles about the state of the crops and the county ticket, while the women in much the same way conversed about children and raising onions and strawberries. It was their main recreation, this Sunday meeting.

"Brethren!" rang out the imperious voice of the minister, "let us pray."

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the Elder's prayer. He was certainly "gifted" in that direction, and his petition grew genuinely eloquent as his desires embraced the "ends of the earth and the utter-m'st parts of the seas, thereof." But in the midst of it a clatter was heard, and five or six strapping fellows filed in with loud thumpings of their brogans.

Shortly after they had settled themselves with elaborate impudence on the back seat the singing began. Just as they were singing the last verse, every individual voice wavered, and all but died out in astonishment to see William Bacon come in—an unheard of thing! And with a clean shirt, too! Bacon, to tell the truth, was feeling as much out of place as a cat in a bath-tub, and looked uncomfortable, even shamefaced, as he sidled in, his shapeless hat gripped nervously in both hands, coatless and collarless, his shirt open at his massive throat. The girls tittered of course, and the boys nearly "stove in" each other's ribs at the unusual sight. Milton Jennings sitting beside "Merry Etty," said:—

"Well! may I jump straight up and never come down!" And Shep Watson said: "May I never see the back o' my neck!" which pleased Marietta so much that she grew purple with efforts to conceal her laughter; she always enjoyed a joke on her father.

But all things have an end, and at last the room became quiet as Mr. Pill began to read the Scripture, wondering a little at the commotion. He suspected that those dark skinned grinning fellows on the back seat were the Dixon boys, and that they were bent on fun. The physique of the minister being carefully studied, the boys began whispering among themselves, and at last, just as the sermon opened, they began to push the line of young men on the long seat over toward the girls' side, squeezing Milton against Marietta. This pleasantry encouraged one of them to whack his neighbor over the head with his soft hat, causing great laughter and disturbance. The preacher stopped. His cool, penetrating voice sounded strangely unclerical as he said:—

"There are some fellows here to-day to have fun with me. If they don't keep quiet, they'll have more fun than they can hold." At this point a green crabapple bounded up the aisle. "I'm not to be bulldozed."

He pulled off his coat and laid it on the table before him,

and amid a wondering silence, took off his cuffs and collar saying: —

“I can preach the word of the Lord just as well without my coat. And I can throw rowdies out the door a little better in my shirt sleeves.”

Had the Dixon boys been a little shrewder as readers of human character, or if they had known why old William Bacon was there, they would have kept quiet; but it was not long before they began to push again, and at last one of them gave a squeak and a tussle took place — the preacher was in the midst of a sentence: —

“An evil deed, brethren, is like unto a grain of mustard seed. It is small, but it grows steadily, absorbing its like from the earth and air, sending out roots and branches, till at last —”

There was a scuffle and a snicker. Mr. Pill paused, and gazed intently at Tom Dixon, who was the most impudent and strongest of the gang; then he moved slowly down on the astonished young savage. As he came, his eyes seemed to expand like those of an eagle in battle, steady, remorseless, unwavering, at the same time that his brows shut down over them, — a glance that hushed every breath. The awed and astounded ruffians sat as if paralyzed by the unuttered and yet terrible ferocious determination of the preacher's eyes. His right hand was raised, the other was clenched at his waist. There was a sort of solemnity in his approach, like a tiger creeping upon a foe.

At last, after what seemed minutes to the silent, motionless congregation, his raised hand came down on the shoulder of the leader with the exact, resistless precision of the tiger's paw, and the ruffian was snatched from his seat to the floor sprawling; before he could rise the steel-like grip of the roused preacher sent him half way to the door, and then out into the dirt of the road.

Turning, Pill came back down the aisle; as he came the half-risen congregation made way for him, curiously. As he came within reach of Dick, the fellow struck savagely out at the preacher, only to have his blow avoided by a lithe, lightning-swift movement of the body above the hips (a trained boxer's trick), and to find himself also lying bruised and dazed on the floor.

By this time the rest of the brothers had recovered

from their stupor, and with wild curses leapt over the benches toward the fearless Pill.

But now a new voice was heard in the sudden uproar — a new but familiar voice. It was the raucous snarl of William Bacon, known far and wide as a terrible antagonist, a man who had never been whipped. He was like a wild beast excited to primitive savagery by the smell of blood.

"*Stand back!* you hell-hounds," he said, leaping between them and the preacher. "You know me. Lay another hand on that man, an' by the livun' God you answer t' me. Back thear!"

Some of the men cheered, most stood irresolute. The women crowded together, the children began to scream with terror, while through it all Pill was dragging his last assailant toward the door.

Bacon made his way down to where the Dixons had halted, undecided what to do. If the preacher had the air and action of the tiger, Bacon looked the grizzly bear — his eyebrows working up and down, his hands clenched into frightful bludgeons, his breath rushing through his hairy nostrils.

"Git out o' h'yare," he growled. "You've run things here jest about long enough — git out."

His hands were now on the necks of two of the boys, and he was hustling them toward the door.

"If you want 'o whip the preacher, meet him in the public road — one at a time, he'll take care o' himself. Out with ye," he ended, kicking them out. "Show your faces here agin, an' I'll break ye in two."

The non-combative farmers now began to see the humor of the whole transaction and began to laugh; but they were cut short by the calm voice of the preacher at his desk: —

"But a *good* deed, brethren, is like unto a grain of wheat planted in good earth that bringeth forth fruit in due season an hundred fold."

III.

Mr. Pill, with all this seeming levity, was a "powerful hand at revivals," as was developed at the "protracted" meetings held at the Corners during December. Indeed, such was the ferocity of his zeal that a gloom was cast over the whole

township; the ordinary festivities stopped or did not begin at all.

The lyceum, which usually began by the first week in December, was put entirely out of the question, as were the spelling schools and "exhibitions." The boys, it is true, still drove the girls to meeting in the usual manner; but they all wore a furtive, uneasy air and their laughter was not quite genuine at its best, and died away altogether when they came near the schoolhouse, and they hardly recovered from the effects of the preaching till a mile or two had been spun behind the shining runners. It took all the magic of the jingle of the bells and the musical creak of the polished steel on the snow, to win them back to laughter.

As for Elder Pill, he was as a man transformed. He grew more intense each night, and strode back and forth behind his desk and pounded the Bible like an assassin. No more games with the boys, no more poking the girls under the chin. When he asked for a chew of tobacco now it was with an air which said: "I ask it as sustenance that will give me strength for the Lord's service," as if the demands of the flesh had weakened the spirit.

Old man Bacon overtook Milton Jennings early one Monday morning, as Milton was marching down toward the Seminary at Rock River. It was intensely cold and still, so cold and still that the ring of the cold steel of the heavy sleigh, the snort of the horses, and the old man's voice came with astonishing distinctness to the ears of the hurrying youth, and it seemed a very long time before the old man came up.

"Climb on!" he yelled, out of his frosty beard. He was seated on the "hind bob" of a wood-sleigh, on a couple of blankets. Milton clambered on, knowing well he'd freeze to death there.

"Reckon I heerd you prowlin around the front door with my girl last night," Bacon said at length. "The way you both 'tend out t' meetun' oughto sanctify yeh; must 'a' stayed to the after meetun', didn't yeh?"

"Nope. The front part was enough for —"

"Danged if I was any more fooled with a man in m' life. I bleeve the whole thing is a little scheme on the bretheren t' raise a dollar."

"Why so?"

"Wal y' see Pill aint got much out o' the appintment thus fur and he aint likely to, if he don't shake 'em up a leetle. Borrud ten dollars o' me t'other day."

Well, thought Milton, whatever his real motive is, Elder Pill is earning all he gets. Standing for two or three hours in his place night after night arguing, pleading, but mainly commanding them to be saved.

Milton was describing the scenes of the meeting to Douglas Radbourn the next day, and Radbourn, a senior at the Seminary, said:—

"I'd like to see him. He must be a character."

"Let's make up a party and go out," said Milton, eagerly.

"All right. I'll speak to Lily."

Accordingly, that evening a party of students in a large sleigh, drove out toward the schoolhouse, along the drifted lanes and through the beautiful aisles of the snowy woods. A merry party of young people, who had no sense of sin to weigh them down. Even Radbourn, so stern and grave ordinarily, joined in the songs which they sung to the swift clanging of the bells, until the lights of the schoolhouse burned redly through the frosty air.

Not a few of the older people present felt scandalized by the singing, and by the dancing eyes of the "town girls" who couldn't for the life of them take the thing seriously. The room was so little, and hot, and smoky, and the men looked so queer in their rough coats and hair every which-way.

But they took their seats demurely on the back seat, and joined in the opening songs, and listened to the halting prayers of the brethren and the sonorous prayers of the Elder, with commendable gravity. Miss Graham was a devout Congregationalist, and hushed the others into gravity when their eyes began to dance dangerously.

However, as Mr. Pill warmed to his work, the girls grew sober enough. He awed them, and frightened them with the savagery of his voice and manner. His small gray eyes were like daggers unsheathed, and his small, round head took on a cat-like ferocity, as he strode to and fro, hurling out his warnings and commands in a hoarse howl that terrified the sinner, and drew "amens" of admiration from the saints.

"Atavism, he has gone back to the era of the medicine man," Radbourn murmured.

As the speaker went on, foam came upon his thin lips, his lifted hand had prophecy and threatening in it, his eyes reflected flames, his voice had now the tone of the implacable, vindictive judge. He gloated on the pictures that his words called up. By the power of his imagination the walls widened, the floor was no longer felt, the crowded room grew still as death, every eye fixed on the speaker's face.

"I tell you, you must repent or die. I can see the great judgment angel now!" he said, stopping suddenly and pointing above the stove-pipe. "I can see him as he stands weighing your souls as a man 'ud weigh wheat and chaff. Wheat goes into the Father's garner; chaff is blown to hell's devouring flame! I can see him *now*!—he seizes a poor, damned, struggling soul by the *neck*, he holds him over the flaming forge of *hell* till his bones melt like wax; he shrivels like thread in the flame of a candle; he is nothing but a charred husk, and the angel flings him back into *outer darkness*,—life was not in him."

It was this astonishing figure, powerfully acted, that scared poor Tom Dixon into crying out for mercy. The effect on the rest was awful. To see so great a sinner fall terror-stricken seemed like a providential stroke of confirmatory evidence, and nearly a dozen other young people fell crying. Whereat the old people burst out into "amens" with unspeakable fervor. But the preacher, the wild light still in his eyes, tore up and down, crying above the tumult:—

"The Lord is come with *power*! His hand is visibly *here*. Shout *aloud* and spare *not*, fall before him as *dust* to his feet! Hypocrites, vipers, scoffers! the *lash* o' the *Lord* is on ye!"

In the intense pause which followed as he waited with expectant uplifted face—a pause so deep even the sobbing sinners held their breaths,—a dry, drawling, utterly matter-o'-fact voice broke the tense hush.

"S-a-y, Pill, aint you a bearun' down on the boys a *leetle* hard?"

The preacher's extended arm fell as if life had gone out of it. His face flushed and paled; the people laughed hysterically, some of them the tears of terror still on their cheeks; but Radbourn said, "Bravo, Bacon!"

Pill recovered himself.

"Not hard enough for *you*, neighbor Bacon."

Bacon rose, retaining the same dry, prosaic tone:—

"I aint bitin' that kind of a hook, an' I aint goin' to be *yanked* into heaven when I c'n *slide* into hell. Wal! I must be goin', I've got a new-milk's cow that needs tendin' to."

The effect of all this was indescribable. From being at the very mouth of the furnace, quivering with fear and captive to morbid imaginings, Bacon's dry intonation had brought them all back to earth again. They saw a little of the absurdity of the whole situation.

Pill was beaten for the first time in his life. He'd been struck below the belt by a good-natured giant. The best he could do, as Bacon shuffled calmly out, was to stammer: "Will some one please sing?" And while they sang, he stood in deep thought. Just as the last verse was quivering into silence, the full, deep tones of Radbourn's voice rose above the bustle of feet and clatter of seats:

"And all *that* he preaches in the name of Him who came bringing peace and good-will to men."

Radbourn's tone had in it reproach and a noble suggestion. The people looked at him curiously. The deacons nodded their heads together in counsel, and when they turned to the desk, Pill was gone!

"Gee whittaker! That was tough," said Milton to Radbourn; "knocked the wind out o' him like a cannon ball. What'll he do now?"

"He can't do anything but acknowledge his foolishness."

"You no business t' come here an' 'sturb the Lord's meetin'," cried old Daddy Brown to Radbourn. "You're a sinner and a scoffer."

"I thought Bacon was the disturbing ele—"

"You're just as bad!"

"He's all *right*," said William Council; "I've got sick, m'self, of bein' *scared* into religion. I never was so fooled in a man in my life. If I'd tell you what Pill said to me the other day, when we was in Robie's store, you'd fall in a fit. An' to hear him talkin' here t' night, is enough to make a horse laugh."

"You're all in league with the devil," said the old man wildly, and so the battle raged on.

Milton and Radbourn escaped from it, and got out into the clear, cold, untainted night.

"The heat of the furnace don't reach as far as the horses," Radbourn moralized, as he aided in unhitching the shivering team. "In the vast calm spaces of the stars, among the animals, such scenes as we have just seen are impossible." He lifted his hand in a lofty gesture. The light fell on his pale face and dark eyes.

The girls were a little indignant and disposed to take the preacher's part. They thought Bacon had no right to speak out that way, and Miss Graham uttered her protest, as they whirled away on the homeward ride, with pleasant jangle of bells.

"But the secret of it all was," said Radbourn in answer, "Pill knew he was acting a part. I don't mean that he meant to deceive, but he got excited, and his audience responded as an audience does to an actor of the first class, and he was for the time in earnest; his imagination *did* see those horrors, — he was swept away by his own words. But when Bacon spoke, his dry tone and homely words brought everybody, preacher and all, back to the earth with a thump! Everybody saw that after weeping and wailing there for an hour, they'd go home, feed the calves, hang up the lantern, put out the cat, wind the clock, and go to bed. In other words they all came back out of their barbaric *pouwow* to their natural modern selves."

This explanation had palpable truth, but Lily had a dim feeling that it had wider application than to the meeting they had just left.

"They'll be music around this clearing to-morrow," said Milton with a sigh; "wish I was at home this week."

"But what'll become of Mr. Pill?"

"Oh, he'll come out all right," Radbourn assured her, and Milton's clear tenor rang out as he drew Eileen closer to his side,

"O silver moon, O silver moon,
You set, you set too soon —
The morrow day is far away,
The night is but begun."

III.

The news, grotesquely exaggerated, flew about the next day, and at night, though it was very cold and windy, the house

was jammed to suffocation. On these lonely prairies life is so devoid of anything but work, dramatic entertainments are so few, and appetite so keen, that a temperature of twenty degrees below zero is no bar to a trip of ten miles. The protracted meeting was the only recreation for many of them, and the gossip before and after service was a delight not to be lost, and this last sensation was dramatic enough to bring out old men and women who had not dared to go to church in winter for ten years.

Long before seven o'clock, the schoolhouse blazed with light and buzzed with curious speech. Team after team drove up to the door, and as the drivers leaped out to receive the women, they said in low but eager tones to the bystanders,—

"Meeting begun, yet?"

"Nope!"

"What kind of a time y' havin' over here any way?"

"A mighty solumn time," somebody would reply to a low laugh.

By seven o'clock every inch of space was occupied; the air was frightful. The kerosene lamps gave off gas and smoke, the huge stove roared itself into an angry red on its jack-oak grubs, and still people crowded in at the door.

Discussion waxed hot as the stove; two or three Universalists boldly attacked everybody who came their way. A tall man stood on a bench in the corner, and thumping his Bible wildly with his fist, exclaimed at the top of his voice:—

"There is NO hell at ALL! The Bible says the WICKED perish UTTERLY. They are CONSUMED as ASHES when they die. They PERISH as DOGS!"

"What kind o' docterin' is that?" asked a short man of Council.

"I'd know. It's ol' Sam Pilcher. Calls himself a Christian,—christadelphian 'r some new-fangled name."

At last people began to say, "Well, aint he comin'?"

"Most time f'r the Elder to come, aint it?"

"Oh, I guess he's preparin' a sermon."

John Jennings pushed anxiously to Daddy Brown.

"Aint the Elder comin'?"

"I'd know. He didn't stay at my house."

"He didn't?"

"No. Thought he went home with you."

"I aint seen 'im 't all. I'll ask Councill. Brother Councill, seen anything of the Elder?"

"No. Didn't he go home with Bensen?"

"I'd'n know. I'll see."

This was enough to start the news that "Pill had skipped."

This the deacons denied saying, "He'd come or send word."

Outside, on the leeward side of the house, the young men who couldn't get in stood restlessly, now dancing a jig, now kicking their huge boots against the under-pinning to warm their toes. They talked spasmodically as they swung their arms about their chests, speaking from behind their huge buffalo-coat collars.

The wind roared through the creaking oaks, the horses stirred complainingly, the bells on their backs crying out querulously, the heads of the fortunates inside were shadowed outside on the snow and the restless young men amused themselves betting on which head was Bensen and which Councill.

At last some one pounded on the desk inside. The suffocating but lively crowd turned with painful adjustment toward the desk from whence Deacon Bensen's high smooth voice sounded.

"Brethren an' sisters, Elder Pill haint come — and as it's about eight o'clock, he probably won't come to-night. After the disturbances last night, it's — a — a — we're all the more determined to — th' a — need of reforming grace is more felt than ever. Let us hope nothing has happened to the Elder. I'll go see to-morrow, and if he is unable to come — I'll see Brother Wheat of Cresco. After prayer by Brother Jennings, we will adjourn till to-morrow night. Brother Jennings, will you lead us in prayer." (Some one snickered.) "I hope the disgraceful — a — scenes of last night will not be repeated."

"Where's Pill?" demanded a voice in the back part of the room. "That's what I want to know."

"He's a bad pill," said another, repeating a pun already old.

"I guess so! He borrowed twenty dollars o' me last week" said the first voice.

"He owes me for a pig," shouted a short man, excitedly. "I believe he's skipped to get rid o' his debts."

"So do I. I allus said he was a mighty queer preacher."

"He'd bear watchin' was my idee fust time I ever see him."

"Careful, brethren,—*careful*. He may come at any minute."

"I don't care if does. I'd bone him fr pay fr that shote, preacher 'r no preacher," said Bartlett, a little nervously.

High words followed this, and there was prospect of a fight. The pressure of the crowd, however, was so great it was well-nigh impossible for two belligerents to get at each other. The meeting broke up at last, and the people, chilly, soured, and disappointed at the lack of developments, went home saying "Pill was *scaly*. No preacher who chawed terbacker was to be trusted," and when it was learned that the horse and buggy he drove he owed Jennings and Bensen for, everybody said, "He's a fraud."

III.

In the meantime Andrew Pill was undergoing the most singular and awful mental revolution.

When he leaped blindly into his cutter and gave his horse the rein, he was wild with rage and shame, and a sort of fear. As he sat with bent head, he did not hear the tread of the horse, and did not see the trees glide past. The rabbit leaped away under the shadow of the thick groves of young oaks, the owl, scared from his perch, went fluttering off into the cold, crisp air; but he saw only the contemptuous, quizzical face of old William Bacon,—one shaggy eyebrow lifted, a smile showing through his shapeless beard.

He saw the colorless, handsome face of Douglass Radbourn, with a look of reproach and a note of suggestion,—Radbourn, one of the best thinkers and speakers in Rock River, the leading student at the seminary, and the most generally admired young man in Rock County.

When he saw and heard Bacon, his hurt pride flamed up in wrath, but the calm voice of Radbourn, and the look in his stern, accusing eyes, made his head fall in thought. As he rode, things grew clearer. As a matter of fact his whole system of religious thought was like the side of a shelving sand-bank,—in unstable equilibrium,—needing only a touch to send it slipping into a shapeless pile at the river's edge.

That touch had been given, and he was now in the midst of the motion of his falling faith. He didn't know how much would stand when the sloughing ended.

Andrew Pill had been a variety of things, a farmer, a dry goods merchant, and a travelling salesman, but in a revival quite like this of his own, he had "been converted" and his "life changed." He now desired to help his fellow-men to a better life, and willingly went out among the farmers where pay was small. It was not true, therefore, that he had gone into it because there was little work and good pay. He was really an able man, and would have been a success in almost anything he undertook; but his reading and thought, his easy intercourse with men like Bacon and Radbourn, had long since undermined any real faith in the current doctrine of retribution, and to-night, as he rode into the night he was feeling it all, and suffering it all, forced to acknowledge at last what had been long moving.

The horse took the wrong road, and plodded along steadily, carrying him away from his home, but he did not know it for a long time. When at last he looked up and saw the road leading out upon the wide plain between the belts of timber, leading away to Rock River, he gave a sigh of relief. He could not meet his wife, then; he must have a chance to think.

Over him, the glittering, infinite sky of winter midnight soared, passionless, yet accusing in its calmness, sweetness, and majesty. What was he that he could dogmatize on eternal life and the will of the Being who stood behind that veil? And then would come rushing back that scene in the schoolhouse, the smell of the steaming garments, the gases from the lamps, the roar of the stove, the sound of his own voice, strident, dominating, so alien to his present mood, he could only shudder at it.

He was worn out with the thinking when he drove into the stable at the Merchant's House, and roused up the sleeping hostler, who looked at him suspiciously, and demanded pay in advance. This seemed right in his present mood. He was not to be trusted.

When he flung himself face downward on his bed, the turmoil in his brain was still going on. He couldn't hold one thought or feeling long, all seemed slipping like water from his hands.

Radbourn was thinking about him two days after, as he sat in his friend McNabb's law office, poring over a volume of law. He saw that Bacon's treatment had been heroic; he couldn't get that pitiful confusion of the preacher's face out of his mind. But, after all, Bacon's seizing of just that instant was a stroke of genius.

Someone touched him on the arm.

"Why,—Elder,—Mr. Pill, how de do? Sit down. Draw up a chair."

There was trouble in the preacher's face. "Can I see you, Radbourn, alone?"

"Certainly; come right into this room. No one will disturb us there."

"Now what can I do for you?" he said, as they sat down.

"I want to talk with you about—about religion," said Pill, with a little timid pause in his voice.

Radbourn looked grave. "I'm afraid you've come to a dangerous man."

"I want you to tell me what you think. I know you're a student. I want to talk about my case," pursued the preacher, with a curious hesitancy. "I want to ask a few questions on things."

"Very well; sail in. I'll do the best I can," said Radbourn.

"I've been thinking a good deal since that night. I've come to the conclusion that I don't believe what I've been preaching. I thought I did but I didn't. I don't know *what* I believe. Seems as if the land had slid from under my feet. What am I to do?"

"Say so," replied Radbourn, his eyes kindling. "Say so, and get out of it. There's nothing worse than staying where you are. What have you saved from the general land-slide?"

Pill smiled a little. "I don't know."

"Want me to cross-examine you and see, eh? Very well, here goes." He settled back with a smile. "You believe in square-dealing between man and man?"

"Certainly."

"You believe in good deeds, candor, and steadfastness?"

"I do."

"You believe in justice, equality of opportunity, and in liberty?"

"Certainly I do."

"You believe, in short, that a man should do unto others as he'd have others do unto him; think right and live out his thoughts?"

"All that I steadfastly believe."

"Well, I guess your land-slide was mostly imaginary. The face of the eternal rock is laid bare. You didn't recognize it at first, that's all. One question more. You believe in truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, truth is only found from the generalizations of facts. Before calling a thing true, study carefully all accessible facts. Make your religion practical. The matter-of-fact tone of Bacon would have had no force if you had been preaching an earnest morality in place of an antiquated terrorism."

"I know it. I know it," sighed Pill, looking down.

"Well, now, go back and tell 'em so. And then, if you can't keep your place preaching what you do believe, get into something else. For the sake of all morality and manhood, don't go on damning yourself with hypocrisy."

Mr. Pill took a chew of tobacco rather distractedly, and said:—

"I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"No, not now. You think out your present position; find out just what you have saved from your land-slide, and come and see me again."

The elder man rose; he hardly seemed the same man who had dominated his people a few days before. He turned with still greater embarrassment.

"I want to ask a favor. I'm going back to my family. I'm going to say something of what you've said, to my people—but—I'm in debt—and the moment they know I'm a deserter, they're going to bear down on me pretty heavy. I'd like to be independent."

"I see. — How much do you need?" mused Radbourn.

"I guess two hundred would stave off the worst of them."

"I guess McNabb and I can fix that. Come in again to-night. Or no, I'll bring it round to you."

The two men parted with a silent pressure of the hand that meant more than any words.

When Mr. Pill told his wife that he could preach no more, she cried, and gasped, and scolded till she was in danger of

losing her breath entirely. She was a "guinea hen" sort of wife, as Council called her.

"She can talk more, an' say less 'n any woman I ever see," was Bacon's verdict, after she had been at dinner at his house.

Mr. Pill silenced her at last with a note of impatience approaching a threat, and he drove away to the Corners to make his confession without her. It was Saturday night, and Elder Wheat was preaching as he entered the crowded room. A buzz and mumble of surprise stopped the orator for a few moments, and he shook hands with Mr. Pill dubiously, not knowing what to think of it all, but as he was in the midst of a very effective oratorical scene, he went on.

The silent man at his side felt as if he were witnessing a burlesque of himself, as he listened to the pitiless and lurid description of torment, which Elder Wheat poured forth—the same figures and threats he had used a hundred times. He stirred uneasily in his seat, while the audience paid so little attention, that the perspiring little orator finally called for a hymn, saying, "Elder Pill has returned from his unexpected absence, and will exhort in his proper place."

When the singing ended, Mr. Pill rose looking more like himself than since the previous Sunday. A quiet resolution was in his eyes and voice, as he said:—

"Elder Wheat has more right here than I have. I want 'o say that I'm going to give up my church in Cresco and —" here a murmur broke out, which he silenced with his raised hand. "I find I don't believe any longer what I've been believing and preaching. Hold on! let me go on. I don't quite know where I'll bring up, but I think my religion will simmer down finally to about this: a full half-bushel to the half-bushel and sixteen ounces to the pound" [here two or three cheered]; "Do unto others as you'd have others do unto you." [Cheers from several, quickly suppressed as the speaker went on, Elder Wheat listening as if petrified, with his mouth open.]

"I'm going out of preaching,—at least for the present. After things get into shape with me again, I may set up to teach people how to live, but just now I can't do it. I've got all I can do to instruct myself. Just one thing more. I owe two or three of you here. I've got the money for William Bacon, James Bartlett, and John Jennings. I turn

the mare and cutter over to Jacob Bensen, for the note he holds. I hain't got much religion left, but I've got some morality. That's all I want to say now."

When he sat down there was a profound hush, then Bacon arose.

"That's man's talk, that is! An' I jest want 'o say, Andrew Pill, that you jest forgit you owe me anything. An' if ye want any help come to me. Y're jest gettun ready to preach, 'n' I'm ready to give yeh my support."

"That's the talk," said Council. "I'm with yeh on that."

Pill shook his head. The painful silence which followed was broken by the effusive voice of Wheat.

"Let us pray, and remember our lost brother."

The urgings of the people were of no avail. Mr. Pill settled up his affairs, and moved to Cresco, where he went back into trade with a friend, and for three years tended silently to his customers, lived down their curiosity and studied anew the problem of life. Then he moved away, and no one knew whither.

One day, last year, Bacon met Jennings on the road.

"Heerd anything o' Pill lately?"

"No; have you?"

"Waal, yes. McNabb told me he ran acrost him down in Eelinoy, down well."

"In dry goods?"

"No, preachun."

"Preachin'?"

"So McNabb said. Kind of a free f'r all church, I rec'on from what Mac told me. Built a new church, fills it twice a Sunday. I'd like to hear him but he's got t' be too big a gun f'r us. Ben studyin', they say, went t' school."

Jennings drove sadly and thoughtfully on.

"Rather stumps Brother Jennings," laughed Bacon, in his leonine fashion.

BY THE RIVER.

NO-NAME PAPER, NUMBER THREE.

DEAR TOWN! How peacefully it sleeps
Clasping the river in its arms,
While Time, as softly by he creeps,
Wakes with no sound its drowsy charms!

Still sleeps my vanished childhood there;
I but go back, and all is mine:
My playmates' shouts rise free from care,
And endless afternoons still shine!

The elm trees still stand by the brink
And look down in the river clear;
They know me, as of old, I think,
And murmur as I nestle near.

And thou, just there across the road,
Old Meeting House, where unseen feet
Still haunt the place where once there glowed
Devotion's flame with Calvin's heat, —

The fire burns not, as once of yore,
Upon thine altar: as flows on
The river to return no more,
The prestige of thy past is gone!

The shadowy form of Change flits by
On wings that, passing, brush my eyes,
And lo! in vision I descry
The outlines of the centuries.

I see the fetich-worshipper;
I see piled graves to altars grown;
The Ganges flashes; then there stir
The priests around some blood-stained stone.

The buried shapes of Egypt start;
Assyria, India, Greece and Rome;
Old temples glorified by art,
With sky, man-copied, for a dome.

I see, above Gehenna's vale,
The gold-tipt pinnacles aflame,
'Neath which blood-writes the awful tale
That celebrates Jehovah's name.

Then, while the temple stone from stone
Is rent in ruin, o'er the loss,
As lightning 'gainst a cloud is shown,
There flashes high th' avenging cross.

So ages pass. The gentle souls
Who gave their lives in gentle deeds,
With background oft of priestly stoles,
Or fagots shaped to cruel creeds.

A Torquemada's hate I see,
A Bruno rapt in vision high,
A Luther loud for liberty,
Servetus glad for truth to die !

Then, swept by blasts of hate more strong
Than biting Winter's bitter breath,
I see a ship that flees from wrong,
And fears a falsehood more than death.

These, bearing seed whose future yield
Shall leave their cherished faiths outgrown,
Storm-driven, plough the watery field,
As oft God's sowers do, alone !

So tread I in my vision dim,
The pathway that the race has trod,
Past crumbled altar, voiceless hymn,
The shades of many a long-dead god !

But, dying into higher life,
I see the wondrous process lead
The stumbling race, through peace and strife,
To nobler thought and grander deed !

The heart of Evolution opes
And shows the secret it conceals ;
Still loftier lives and sweeter hopes
And higher worships it reveals.

'Tis God then all the way, more near
Than is the day's light or the air ;
And when He seems to disappear,
Lo ! He surrounds us everywhere !

Roused from my revery, I turned :
Beneath the elms, across the street,
The windows in the old church burned
To gold as sunk the sunset sweet.

I heard the old-time worship there, —
The preacher's voice, the sounds of praise :
I saw gray heads bowed low in prayer,
And lived again my childhood's days !

Then said I, " They would count it loss
To see their forms and faith decay ;
'Twould seem denial of the cross —
These new thoughts of the later day.

" But I can smile as Calvin's face
Fades out the pulpit there above,
While Law is lifted to its place —
A law whose inmost heart is love.

" And as I look on, up the years,
I muse not on the old that's gone,
I gladly see, o'er cloudy fears,
The flushes of a fairer dawn ! "

So flow, sweet river, from the hills,
Flow down and far and out to sea ;
I, in the faith my heart now fills,
From past to future go with thee !

So, like the river, flow O years !
From God to God thy course must run !
Through toil, blood, rest, hopes, smiles, and tears,
Some day shall finish what's begun !

I love my childhood's pictured dreams,
I love the pieties of yore,
But up the years I catch the gleams
Of promises that lure me more!

Would I go back? Nay, nothing's lost;
The good of all the past is fair
In life's great future; so, at cost
Of shadows, I will find it there!

NOBILITY.

ELLA FRANCES WELLMAN.

ALL Nature holds the promise deep,
Injustice shall be downward hurled;
But now all see Nobility
Walks handcuffed through the world.

Grandly she moves with flashing eye,
Honor and chains her lofty choice;
Not either arm she lifts to strike,
But all the cowards know her voice.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HOME INFLUENCE

AND

THE CHILD.

ASIDE from the mysterious influence of the little understood law of heredity, nothing exerts so potent a power in moulding the character of the young, as the influence which emanates from the home. The fireside of to-day may rule civilization to-morrow. Little appreciation, however, is evinced by parents at the present time for the measureless influence that lies in their hands, and which they are morally bound to conscientiously exert upon the lives they have called into being. Children will grow strong in spirit, mind, and body who from their earliest years have been taught the vital truth underlying the statement, "The pure in heart shall see God"; taught that not only in another life will purity of soul blossom in perfection amid the holiest and grandest intelligences of the upper sphere, but in this life, the God-principle, the good of life, will open to the soul of one who is absolutely pure in heart, with a richer fragrance, a more subtle beauty than can be experienced by a nature rendered coarse by unholy thought, poisoned by dwelling on vicious themes. To him who is pure in soul, pleasures are unalloyed: there is no after-bitter taste, no haunting of conscience, no contagion of moral death following in his wake. Life is fragrant, inspiring, uplifting, and his influence, likewise, is a message from a higher sphere to the struggling lives below, who have not been started wisely. I would, therefore, instil these thoughts into the heart of the child, pointing the twig toward the sun of absolute purity. The supreme glory of Jesus' ethical teachings lay in this,—he made no appeal for man-made laws; he addressed himself solely to the conscience of the individual; he went behind the commission of the sin, which is the accidental result, that may or may not be manifest, and assailed the *thought* which prompted the deed. Here lay the sin, here the evil that must be overcome.

Not he alone that committeth adultery, but he that looketh on a woman to lust after her, in the eyes of the great Galilean, had committed sin. This thought must be emphasized. The hearts of the young must be made to imbibe purity at the fountain. This does not mean that they shall be kept in ignorance of vice in a world reeking in iniquity, for herein lies the vicious fault, the fatal error through which, for many decades, thousands of the most innocent lives have been swallowed in the maelstrom of immorality. If the smallpox was raging in a section of the city which a child desired to traverse in order to reach a desired goal, the wise parent, rather than allow the child to wander forth

through streets filled with the loathsome contagion, would warn him of the danger, and, lest the wish of the youth to reach the desired destination be so great as to overcome his fear, the loathsome and dangerous character of the disease would be explained. Precisely so should the thoughtful parent explain to his child the fact that the world is reeking in vice, sin, and immorality; that temptations will be found on every side; that the wages, or results, mean physical disease, mental enervation, and moral or spiritual death.

A child thus warned goes forth clad in a coat of mail. It is not the prohibitory mandates of the Mosaic reign, but the frank, manly, and loving appeal to reason and conscience, which clothes his soul. Thus also should the child be taught self-control, tolerance, love, honesty, candor, and all those splendid virtues which make manhood and womanhood worthy of an immortality of endless progression.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN FREEDOM. The life and work of Father Kneipp, of Wörishofen, Bavaria, illustrates most strikingly the beneficence of liberty, contrasting boldly the freedom enjoyed by the people in many European principalities with the infamous class tyranny which has robbed the masses in many states of this Republic of their just rights, as surely as the clergy in the dark ages robbed the people of the inalienable right of religious freedom. So remarkable is the work of this pure-minded priest, who has already cured thousands of persons, pronounced by the flower of the European profession incurable, and who numbers among his patients such distinguished characters as the Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, that a brief outline of his life and work will enable me to better emphasize the vital truth which I desire to impress. Father Kneipp, when a young man, conceived an ardent desire to enter the ministry. His health, however, failed, and all medical aid proved fruitless in its efforts to restore him. One day there came into his hands a copy of one of Priessnitz's works on Water Cure. He devoured its contents as a sinking seaman would grasp at a plank that offered hope of rescue. He put in practice its directions and suggestions and was restored to health. Another student was said to be dying. Young Kneipp persuaded him to adopt water treatment. He, too, was soon restored. When Father Kneipp settled in Wörishofen he set to work teaching what seemed to him to be the Divine word of God and healing the sick. First, the poor flocked to him, for he treated them gratuitously. His cures were remarkable. Soon others of means came. At length his fame spread through Austria and Germany, later over Europe. Incurables flocked to him and were cured. Thousands are annually now thronging the little town, who are given up by the flower of the European regular profession, a large per cent. of whom, it is said, return restored. Last year he published a work, giving his methods of treating disease. More than a hundred and twenty thousand copies

of this work have been sold. Numbers of physicians have gone to study his mode of treatment, after becoming cognizant of his marvellous cures; the envious in the profession, while being unable to gain-say his cures, raised the convenient cry of prejudice and ignorance,—quack, impostor, charlatan. In point of fact, however, Father Kneipp is exactly the opposite of these. Unlike his co-laborer in the medical world, Professor Koch, who so long carefully concealed the composition of his poisonous lymph from his medical brethren, Father Kneipp has no secrets: the simple remedies he uses are not couched in Latin terms: he names them in his native tongue, but he largely depends on water. The manner of using and reasons for so employing, are readily given to all inquirers. He makes no boasts, but he cures. He seems filled with divine love; consumed with a holy desire to save life, increase happiness, and lessen sorrow. The poor he treats free: from the rich he will only receive enough to enable himself to supply his very frugal demands. Had he chosen to accept half that has been offered he would be a rich man. His life and teachings are simple, sincere, and effective. His cures are so striking and so numerous that his fame has spread over the continent. Says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*:

During the nine weeks, which at two different intervals I spent there last summer, I took care to question many of the other patients about the cures effected, and certainly some which came under my notice were most striking. It was very evident that a great number of the patients who assembled there had sought in vain for help from doctors, and many, as I know, came, having had their death-warrant, so to say, signed. Far from being intimidated by such cases, the Pfarrer openly said he undertook these in preference to others; and if I were to describe all which came directly under my notice, I could write pages. Here, in the town from which I write, a monk was dying in one of the convents, and the doctor declaring his case hopeless, advised the Superior to send him home so that he might end his days among his own people. Instead of following his advice, the Superior sent him to Wörishofen, and he was entirely restored to health. On the same day on which I reached the village, a lad of ten to twelve years was brought there, suffering from some complaint of the knee, which, as the doctor declared, rendered amputation necessary. Before I left, at the end of a month, I saw this same boy able to play about with the village urchins, the healthy color in his cheeks contrasting vividly with the striking pallor they had borne on his arrival. One patient, a Baron S—, suffering from disease of the spinal marrow and pronounced incurable, had to be wheeled in a bath-chair when he arrived at Wörishofen. The Pfarrer at once told him that by the end of a fortnight he would be on his feet again, and this actually came true. Naturally, however, as charity begins at home, I was most drawn to the whole thing by the marvellous effect it had upon myself. Not only was the root of the evil discovered, but the most distressing symptoms were removed; and I have every prospect of being entirely restored to health in the course of a few months—in fact, regenerated, as the Pfarrer calls it. To return to other cases, I will only name a few to show how very varied they are. Just before I came, a child of eleven had been brought there, all cased in an iron frame, with a distorted hip, and utterly unable to walk. This child had been under the treatment of one of the most celebrated surgeons in

Germany, who had failed to cure it. From the first moment, the Pfarrer was certain of his success in the case. He is one of the most genial of men and thoroughly enjoys a little joke, so he laid a wager with a gentleman who was present when the child was brought, that in three weeks' time it would come on foot through the village to his house. Just as he had said, three weeks later the child actually walked through the village, accompanied by a crowd of people. I repeatedly visited it myself and learned the full details of this case. Another cure which took place whilst I was there, was one of a man who had completely lost his voice, and who could only speak in a hoarse whisper. He had quite recovered it before I left.

Such is the splendid work of a pure-souled man, filled with the spirit of Jesus, who lives to bless his fellowmen. If, however, he should come to our land of freedom, in order to reach the suffering poor in the New World, and should, on landing in the Empire State, begin to teach and to heal as did the great Galilean of old, he would be arrested and thrown into prison as a common felon. If he persisted, he would be sent to the penitentiary to enjoy the companionship of murderers and thieves—for what? Healing the poor. Why? Because he would have violated an unconstitutional statute. A class law, planned, framed, and lobbied through the New York legislature by regular physicians, ostensibly for the protection of the people,—in reality for the protection of a monopoly. Thus would this holy man, whose life is a benediction, be made a felon in the land of liberty; not for any crime, but because he had robbed the grave instead of allowing the regular profession to relieve the pockets of the sick, in disregard of a law conceived, framed, and lobbied through the legislature by this same regular profession for its protection. Hence it has become criminal in many States of the Union to cure the sick.*

In bold contrast to these class statutes, is the law of Bavaria, which was enacted for the people, rather than for the medical profession, and which provides that any person may practice the healing art, provided he uses no secret medicines or compounds. When various substitutes of this character have been offered in lieu of monopolistic medical laws, they have been invariably opposed by the regular medical profession, demonstrating the fact that the profession was sailing under false colors

*A striking illustration of the practical working of these unjust class laws was illustrated at McGregor, Iowa, some time since, when Mrs. Geo. B. Freeman after being unsuccessfully treated by a leading regular physician was finally given up by the doctor, after which the husband or a friend of the supposed dying woman, sent to Dubuque, Iowa, for a Christian Science physician, a Mrs. Lottie Post, who came to the bedside, and the invalid recovered. So striking was the result that Mrs. Post was called to see a child in a critical condition. The child also recovered, when at the instigation of the Board of Censors, or some physicians on the Board, Mrs. Post was arrested and fined fifty dollars, for, to use the exact words of the warrant, "*Performing the act of healing on one Mrs. Geo. B. Freeman and others, contrary to the statutes of the State of Iowa.*" A criminal for "performing" a cure! Was travesty on justice ever more flagrant? Was liberty ever more outraged? Yet this is a single illustration of a number of cases which could be cited, to illustrate the injustice and essential wrong of this class of laws, which, while hypocritically clothed in the garb of public protection, rob the intelligent citizen of his inherent right to select his own physician, and places him in the hands of a protected class, who have secured the passage of a law for their special benefit, and in open disregard to the rights of the people.

and that its real object was class laws for self aggrandizement and profit.*

CLASS INTERESTS The history of medical class laws in America is substantially a repetition of the history of railroad and other monopolistic measures which have, during the past generation, been lobbied through the legislatures of almost every State. Yet, through their passage a greater wrong has been perpetrated than in the enactment of most class laws, which while un-American, unjust, and obnoxious, only affected the pockets of the people. Medical class

AND THE

RIGHTS OF

THE PEOPLE.

legislation infringes on the dearest rights of the citizen, a right as sacred as religious liberty,—the right to choose whomsoever he desires to wait upon him in the solemn hour of sickness and death. The monstrous features of this class legislation are all the more striking when it is remembered that all the alleged protection for the people which these laws claim to provide, could be rendered every whit as effective, without abridging the freedom of the masses or legislating in the interests of any class.

Class legislation is essentially unjust. The protection of the few at the expense of the liberty of the multitude, even though accomplished under the cloak of "Protection for the people," must sooner or later work irreparable injury to the republic.

It destroys all respect for law in the minds of the people, who are far too wise to be hoodwinked by specious sophistry. The people are long-suffering, but they are not easily deceived, and every invasion of their rights, every enactment of a law which is framed in the interest of a class or classes, and which curtails the rights of other citizens or works in any unjust manner, also works a subtle, but none the less positive injury to the republic. When, for example, the people observe a certain class arrayed openly, or engaged secretly, in securing class or protective laws, ostensibly in the interest of the public weal, and later find this same philanthropic class seeking to defeat the passage of laws which would accomplish for the public safety all they claim is desired, simply because the measures have been shorn of the class protective feature and thus

* A few years ago, when the physicians of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts endeavored to secure a medical class law, ostensibly for the "protection of the people," the attorney for the remonstrants urged, in lieu of the proposed measure, that "the people be allowed to remain as free to select their physician as they were their spiritual adviser; but that all persons professing to cure, be compelled to place upon their signs and cards the school from which they graduated; or if a graduate of no school, to so state it." The proposition was opposed by the profession, who chose to have no law, rather than one that was not a class protective measure. Again last year, when another attempt was made to secure a law, the remonstrants urged, in lieu of any monopolistic law or measure, which would abridge the freedom of the people, a bill, providing that every person who claimed to cure the sick, be compelled to file a copy of his diploma with the county official; or, if he had none, to so state to the officials, who were to give him a statement of his qualifications, which should be hung in the office of the practitioner. Again the profession chose to have no law, rather than this, because this measure was not a class law that would benefit their members by compelling the people to employ only those physicians to whom their Board granted certificates.

preserved the former liberty of the people intact, they beheld hypocrisy crouching under the mantle of philanthropy; self-interest masquerading as the embodiment of unselfishness; monopoly parading as the benefactor of its victims.

HERBERT SPENCER'S But there are other dangers, perhaps more
ARRAIGNMENT OF significant and portentous than the abridg-
CLASS MEDICAL ment of the inherent right of the people, in
LAWS. these medical class laws. They are of that
brood of paternalistic measures, which has
been imported from the dying despotisms of
the Old World, and which, when once securely
fastened upon our statute books, will advance

with steady and dogged determination, destroying with every step rights deemed sacred by the founders of the Republic; liberties zealously guarded for generations, and which have contributed so largely to the prestige of our Republic, in the vanguard of progressive nations. Of the nature and gravity of these evils, few men have written more ably or intelligently than Herbert Spencer, who in his "Social Statics" observes:—

"There is a manifest analogy between committing to government guardianship the physical health of the people, and committing to it their moral health. The two proceedings are equally reasonable, may be defended by similar arguments, and must stand or fall together. If the welfare of men's souls can be fitly dealt with by acts of Parliament, why, then, the welfare of their bodies can be fitly dealt with likewise. He who thinks the state commissioned to administer spiritual remedies, may consistently think that it should administer material ones. The disinfecting society from vice may naturally be quoted as a precedent for disinfecting it from pestilence. Purifying the haunts of men from noxious vapors may be held quite as legitimate as purifying their moral atmosphere. The fear that false doctrines may be instilled by unauthorized preachers, has its analogue in the fear that unauthorized practitioners may give deleterious medicines or advice. And the persecutions once committed to prevent the one evil, countenance the penalties used to put down the other. Contrariwise, the arguments employed by the dissenter, to show that the moral sanity of the people is not a matter for state superintendence, are applicable, with a slight change of terms, to their physical sanity also.

"Let no one think this analogy imaginary. The two notions are not only theoretically related; we have facts proving that they tend to embody themselves in similar institutions. There is an evident inclination, on the part of the medical profession, to get itself organized after the fashion of the clerisy,—moved as are the projectors of a railway, who, whilst secretly hoping for salaries, persuade themselves and others that the proposed railway will be beneficial to the public,—moved as all men are under such circumstances, by nine parts of self-interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy. Little do the public at large know how actively professional publications are agitating for State-appointed overseers of the public health.

"Whoever has watched how institutions grow, how by little and little a very innocent-looking infancy unfolds into a formidable maturity,

with vested interests, political influence, and a strong instinct of self-preservation, will see that the germs here peeping forth are quite capable, under favorable circumstances, of developing into such an organization. He will see further, that favorable circumstances are not wanting—that the prevalence of unemployed professional men, with whom these proposals for sanitary inspectors and public surgeons mostly originate, is likely to continue.

“The most specious excuse for not extending to medical advice the principles of free trade, is the same as that given for not leaving education to be diffused under them; namely, that the judgment of the consumer is not a sufficient guarantee for the goodness of the commodity. The intolerance shown by orthodox surgeons and physicians toward unordained followers of their calling, is to be understood as arising from a desire to defend the public against quackery. Ignorant people say they cannot distinguish good treatment from bad, or skilful advisers from unskilful ones: hence it is needful that the choice be made for them. And then, following in the track of priesthoods, for whose persecutions a similar defence has always been set up, they agitate for more stringent regulations against unlicensed practitioners, and descant upon the dangers to which men are exposed by an unrestricted system.”

There is already a healthy reaction taking place: the people have become alarmed at the wealth, power, and audacity of law-fortified trusts, monopolies, and class-protected professions. The word is going forth that class legislation must not only cease, but the special privilege feature of existing laws must be eliminated. If this awakening proves general, the Republic will yet be saved from falling into the follies and iniquities of decaying monarchical governments and nations whose people have for thousands of years been under the baleful spell of wealth and caste. In wider freedom, juster laws, more perfect equity, lies the hope of our people. Upon this blessed trinity must patriotism rivet its eyes. The more she triumphs the more perfect will be our government and the happier the whole people.

